

The REFLECTOR



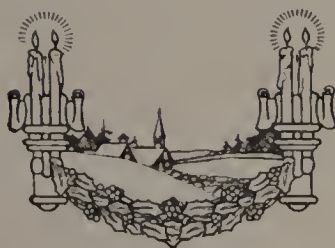
December, 1937

Woburn Senior High School

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1937-1938

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Stories

HER REWARD

Virginia M. Haney, '38

Christmas in Hawaii!! Sherry Lee, valuable member of the United States Intelligence Service, was deeply disgusted with the atmosphere of this December twenty-fifth which she felt should be vastly different.

"Women in organdy, men in linen. Whoever heard of holly on organdy and linen? Temperature about ninety. And my new Hudson seal in storage in Boston just aching to be worn. What I'd give for cold weather, a little ice and snow. That would seem like Christmas."

Having been sent by special orders from Washington to this beautiful climate where the air is heavily perfumed with the exquisite odor of gardenias, orchids, and all kinds of flowers blooming in profusion everywhere and compelled to leave her beloved Boston — Sherry was a true Yankee — just a month before Christmas, she could not prevent this outburst.

"And yet, it is beautiful," she grudgingly admitted.

The duty that necessitated her absence from New England at this joyful season was grave and perhaps dangerous. Hawaii is a large factor in United States defense. Vital knowledge of the mechanism of this defense was reaching the ears of those who would use it to their advantage and Sherry was to prevent this. No small task for a little lady of five feet two, and one hundred and ten pounds. But her beautiful auburn hair, contrasting with her deep violet eyes, and her firm, yet softly rounded chin, expressed the great amount of determination she possessed.

"Well, with nothing better to do, I might as well go over the facts I've learned that will help this pesky job that keeps me away from a real Christmas." Sherry was in a decidedly bad humor.

"But then, I am succeeding a little bit. I'm working in the Honolulu warehouse office of Ishii Terauchi, an apparently respectable Japanese merchant. Up until now I couldn't possibly imagine why Capt. Sterling suspects him, but now," Sherry stopped and softened visibly as she thought of young Tom Sterling, commander of one of the important forts. He was the only compensation in this assignment. He was the one who had put her on the right track as far as Terauchi was concerned, for yesterday — I'm certain I saw the private file clerk from the War Office leaving Terauchi's private office. But how would he get there? And my telegram to Mr. Firm, Secretary of War, answered in code, proves beyond

doubt that Penguin or Pheasant, or whatever his name is," — a hasty glance at her notes showed that the name was Peacock — "couldn't have been here. How could he be here and in Washington at the same time?" she argued with herself. "And yet, Terauchi is too smart to take information from anyone who might be mistaken. It'd be private file clerk or none with him. I don't get it."

As she sat there, puzzling over the appearance of one man in two places at the same time, she was interrupted by the ringing of her telephone.

"Miss Lee? Tom Sterling speaking. Isn't this a grand day?"

"Yes, indeed. At least it would be if it would only snow." Sherry was very cordial, but no Christmas could be beautiful down here, she felt.

"Snow?" Mr. Sterling was plainly puzzled. Nevertheless, "How would you like to celebrate this Christmas in a very different manner from any you've celebrated before? I've twelve hours leave and we'll see the real Honolulu."

"Mister," said Sherry very flippantly, "you've made a date."

August in Hawaii. Still Sherry felt no better about her work than she had in December. Sweltering hot days and nights not a bit cooler. There was really no place like home.

"Gee", she mused as she sat in her office in the warehouse, "I've certainly accomplished nothing for a long time. November to August and I'm no nearer the solution than I was at Christmas. Parrot, or Pigeon — Peacock I mean — must have seen me and let up; though Mr. Firm says no more knowledge has been released. But if he recognizes me, why does Terauchi keep me? What if he's innocent? I hate to think of the time I've wasted if he is. This is certainly a difficult assignment — and a long one too. Looks as if I may have to spend another Christmas in this furnace. Still something ought to happen soon. With the drastic increase in men, ammunition, and the like to be sent here in October, anyone giving out information will get busy. It's too good to be missed. But I'd have been looney long ago if it hadn't been for Tom and the candid camera he's given me."

Captain Sterling was "Tom" to her by this time, for many hours of his leave were spent with her and they had become the best of friends. Their chief amusement was snapping pictures of unsuspecting subjects in perfectly commonplace poses, which later became ridiculous when Sherry and Tom, in merry

spirits, developed the pictures themselves. They had become so interested in this pastime that rarely ever did one of them venture forth without a camera.

August was over and it was the middle of September, with no change in the languid heat of Honolulu. Seated side by side on the deserted sands of a nearby beach, Sherry and Tom were discussing the possibilities of an early apprehension of the informer.

"But why doesn't something happen?" demanded Sherry. "The United States is paying me a salary simply to hold down another position here. It doesn't make sense, Tom. I'm afraid we're on the wrong track. There's been nothing suspicious happen at Terauchi's since I thought I saw Pelican, I mean Peacock. And I must have been mistaken. Besides I want to get home where there's snow for Christmas."

Tom was silent. He'd just discovered he loved Sherry and it wasn't very encouraging to have her say she wanted to leave.

"Sherry", he said quietly.

"Yes, Tom."

"Who said, 'Your home is where your heart is'?"

"I don't know, Tom. Why do you want to know?" she replied curiously.

"Because if you go back to Boston, it will be my home, too — my heart will be there."

There was a short pause, broken by Sherry's glad exclamation, "Tom, I'm so happy!"

Then there was no sound except the soft swish of the waves breaking on the silvery shore.

A month later, Sherry was late in leaving the office. There had been much extra work and it had detained her more than a hour. She started out the door and then turned back to pick up her forgotten camera.

Carrying it in her hand, she turned a corner of the corridor and then drew back hurriedly. She had seen Peacock, the file clerk, entering Terauchi's private office and this time she knew that she wasn't mistaken.

"At last," breathed Sherry, then, "here's my big moment and I don't know what to do." Thinking quickly, she looked at the camera in her hand and an idea flashed into her head.

"I'll do it," she said determinedly.

She sped out of the building and around to the side, in which a window of Mr. Terauchi's office was cut. But she was doomed to great disappointment. Despite the heat, it was tightly closed and the shutters were drawn. There was only this one window in the office — that and a high transom opening on the wharf. She'd have to try that. Arriving beneath the small aperture, she found that it was open and had no shutters but that it was about five feet above her head. How could she get up there with every minute counting, too?

Some bales of straw matting, about three feet thick, caught her eye. But, it was useless. She could push one over beneath the transom but she certainly couldn't pile one on top of the other.

"Time's a' wasting" she thought. Then she was disgusted with herself for thinking of comic sayings at a time like this.

Suddenly, as if sent from Heaven for her purpose, a coolie appeared, aimlessly wandering along the wharf.

She approached him and hurriedly explained her proposition, backing up her statements with the sight of an American bill. Plainly the none-too-intelligent coolie could not understand why this white lady wanted the bales piled. But the sight of the bill persuaded him and he carelessly picked up the matting and set it on the other bale. Then he went his way, a dollar richer, wondering about the undisputed craziness of the white race — women in particular.

Sherry had mounted her platform, afraid that she was too late, but hoping for the best.

What a day for disappointments! Terauchi and Plover, no Peacock — when would she get that name right? — were discussing commonplace business. She was too disappointed even to climb down. Instead she stayed there, leaning against the building. As she watched, Terauchi got up, examined the window, opened the door, looked into the corridor, then shut and locked the door!

Immediately Sherry became interested once more, and she was well repaid.

"Very well, Mr. Peacock," began Ishii Terauchi in his studiously correct English. "You may drop the pretense now. You have information worthy of my consideration?"

"Indeed, I have," answered Peacock, "and it's worth more than I got for the last, too!"

"Presently, presently," said Mr. Terauchi with instinctive racial dislike for immediate bargaining. "Primarily, what is the information? You know that I can be trusted to pay even after seeing the documents."

Silently, Peacock took an envelope bearing a visible United States seal from an inside pocket and handed it to the Japanese who was awaiting it with outstretched hand.

Click! The shutter of Sherry's candid camera registered the scene permanently on film. She had secured valuable evidence.

It was enough. She clambered down and rushed to the barracks of the soldiers who patrolled the island, thankful that the station was nearby.

Shown immediately to the commanding officer, who knew of her assignment, Sherry shouted, "Come on! The case has broken. They're in Terauchi's office."

At once the C. O. was on his feet and beckoning to two soldiers, he sped to the warehouse.

Terauchi and Peacock were taken without a bit of trouble. They were completely unsuspecting and actually stunned. They had no intimation that Sherry was on their trail and they had been confident that their activities were unknown.

Sherry was elated and Tom was glad for her sake. But their happiness was not to last, for Mr. Firm's answer to her triumphant telegram left them vanquished.

The telegram, without any regard for condensing words, read as follows: Fear you are greatly mistaken-stop-Peaceck been with me incessantly-stop-Is here now-stop-do everything possible to clarify mystery-stop-Luck, J. P. Firm.

After a long silence, Sherry said fearfully, "Tom, what if I've had them arrested falsely?"

Tom thought a moment and then said, "Sherry, listen. Do you believe—?" For five minutes he talked earnestly and seriously.

"Tom, you darling, I believe you've got something there!"

And Tom was right. It was entirely possible for Peacock to be two places at the same time; it was proved by further correspondence, for there were two Peacocks. They were twins! One worked with the Secretary of War and the other sold the information to Terauchi. Confronted with this bit of evidence, which they thought was safely hidden, both Peacock brothers confessed and implicated Terauchi.

From then on the case went more smoothly than any handled previously by Sherry. All were sentenced to prison terms and were to be exiled from any United States territory upon their release many years hence.

"But it had to end smoothly," Sherry was proclaiming, "to make up for the bothersome start and the long time we had to wait for something to happen."

"Yes, and it looks as if you will spend this Christmas in Boston — on your honeymoon," Tom said indulgently. "What will you have, as a reward, on your first married Christmas, Mrs. Sterling-to-be?"

'Mrs. Sterling-to-be' looked at him solemnly, but with a twinkle in her eye as she said firmly, "Snow!"

SACRIFICE

Hazel Van Putten, '39

Bobby and his mother lived in a tiny cottage on the outskirts of the town. It was here that his father had brought her as a bride and where they had lived happily until three years ago when he had been killed at work. Bobby was only nine years old when the tragedy occurred. Since that time it had been hard for Mrs. Beal to make

both ends meet, but she wouldn't touch the little money that was left in the bank for fear they might need it desperately some day.

She did housework two or three days a week and also designed and made clothes for the children of several of the more wealthy families in town. In this way she had been able to keep the little cottage and provide the bare necessities of living.

The sewing machine was getting old, but she could find no way of getting the money to replace it. One day when she and Bobby were downtown shopping, she saw a lovely new one in the window of one of the shops.

She cried, "Oh, Bobby, if I only could have that, but I guess I'll have to make the old one do for a long time yet."

Bobby was old enough now to know how hard his mother had to work and he thought, "If only I might do something to make her happy." Then an idea flashed through his mind. It was only summer now and if he could find work, he might be able to get the machine for her Christmas present.

He finally found work in a store as errand boy and also started a paper route. The money began to pile up very slowly but he was determined he would save it somehow. He had given his mother the impression he was saving it for a bicycle for which he had expressed a wish. She was glad that he was going to get it as she had been able to give him but few luxuries.

By the time school opened he had saved ten dollars.

One of his friends asked him why he didn't play with them any more. He answered, "I'm sorry I can't play with you, but I'm a big business man now."

Little by little the box in which he kept the money became heavier. It was now a months before Christmas but still he was twelve dollars short. Time seemed to fly until only four days remained and he knew he couldn't possibly get the remaining five dollars.

It was a forlorn little boy who finally went to the store to see if he could purchase the machine before Christmas with what he had and pay the rest later.

When he went in, he said to the salesman, "I simply have to have that machine for Christmas." Upon that the salesman replied, "Why, of course, you can have it and you have enough money already as we allow five dollars for the old machine. I'll see that it is delivered on time and they will come for the old one later, so as not to spoil the surprise."

Bobby made arrangements to have it come while his mother was away working. He went home so happy he could hardly keep his secret.

Christmas morning finally arrived. Bobby woke his mother with a "Merry Christmas Mother. Hurry down stairs! I'm crazy to get our presents."

She hadn't been able to get him many gifts and she was afraid he would be disappointed.

When, at last, she was ready, Bobby took her hand and led her into the living-room where the machine was standing in all its glory. She could hardly believe her eyes at first but then Bobby threw his arms around her neck and said, "It's for you, Mother, and I earned it all myself."

Tears of joy came to her eyes as she answered, "You have made me the proudest mother in the world today, for I know I have a son who loves me very much."

PAM'S MISTAKE

Barbara Edgett, '39

Pam sat before her dressing-room table, looking in the mirror. She had been studying herself critically and now, satisfied, she struck a pose and turned to Enid, who was curled upon a chaise lounge, frowning at a manuscript in her lap.

"Tell me, Enid, just what type do you think I am? I have been wondering what parts I should like to play when I get into the movies."

"It's as simple as all that, is it?" and Enid smiled ironically. "You are sure of making good in the movies already, are you?"

"Of course! Jim is bringing Mr. Johnson, the director of the Sunset Studios, tonight to see me. Jim told me to ask you to accompany us. I'm sure that Mr. Johnson will recognize my talents as soon as he sees me."

"No doubt," said Enid. She did not mean to be sarcastic, but Pam always insisted upon talking about herself all the time, and right now when she was so busy trying to reconstruct her story — well, it was annoying, to say the least.

Pam turned to Enid with a frown. "Oh, do leave that stupid thing alone for a minute! I think you might help me when you know that this may be my big chance. Ever since I decided that I simply must become an actress, I have been begging Jim to introduce me to Mr. Johnson. He is a personal friend of his and there is no reason in the world why I shouldn't make a hit with him if you would only help me and leave your old script alone."

Enid tore herself from her story and soothed her ruffled sister by helping her to decide upon a new coiffure and a becoming gown. Then she stole off to write the latest scene, leaving Pam in good spirits once more.

At seven o'clock Pam drew her from her latest retreat to tell her to hasten to prepare for the big event.

With smudges of ink on each cheek, Enid stared uncomprehendingly at Pam as she chattered about the Cocoanut Grove and a telephone call from Jim.

She came back to reality with a start. What was Pam saying? Jim and Mr. Johnson were to call for them at nine and take them to the Cocoanut Grove.

Enid dressed in a preoccupied manner; nevertheless, she managed to look charming. Still Pam posed, strutted, smiled alluringly, and practiced all her little arts well before the mirror, after she had brushed her shining locks until each shone and curled beautifully. Her fair coloring, light hair and blue eyes were a direct contrast to Enid, who was dark, with silky dark hair, black eyes and a rich, glowing complexion.

When the bell rang, Enid rushed downstairs, admitted the guests and entertained them, while Pam bided her time upstairs.

After a ten minute interval, Jim began to distort his good-looking features into a frown. Where was Pam? She ought to realize that an important man like Mr. Johnson hated to be kept waiting. Then he smiled to himself as he realized how she was planning an effective entrance. He wondered which part she would try, — the sweet young thing, or the sophisticated lady. He knew them both. He was often-times amused by the way she attempted to create different impressions upon people, and he wondered why he kept seeing her, as he fully realized that she loved herself far too well to ever return his love. But then, she would allow him to remain at her beck and call as long as he could do anything for her. No doubt, she would discard him as a useless plaything sooner or later. In spite of the fact that he knew all this, he could not hate her or leave her.

His glance fell upon Enid. Why, the child was really amusing Mr. Johnson. With her dark eyes glowing and her face and voice very animated and earnest, she was explaining the plot of her story to him. She was a pretty little thing. "Strange that he had not noticed it before," he thought, as Enid smiled at him and included him in the conversation.

"Mr. Johnson is being so kind as to listen to me while I ramble on about my story, Jim, and he has already shown me how to improve upon it. I'm afraid he is becoming bored, though," and Enid smiled at them in a way that made Mr. Johnson hasten to reassure her, and Jim to tell himself once more, how pretty she was.

"I say now," began Mr. Johnson, "really, my dear young woman, you must know how interested I am. Do continue, please," and Mr. Johnson settled back comfortably in his chair. He had entirely forgotten the Cocoanut Grove and the fact that they were waiting for Pam. His eyes were intent upon the charming young authoress before him.

"Oh dear," thought Enid, "I do wish that Pam would hurry for I don't know how much longer I can keep him interested." Then she began brightly to answer the last question.

"Well, well," thought Jim, "Miss Pam, you had better hurry or your charming sister will reach first base before you even appear upon the scene."

It was at about this time that Pam saw fit to make her appearance. She came slowly down the winding staircase, her beautiful face aglow and her long blue velvet dress trailing down the stairs behind her.

Jim looked up and watched worshipfully, but Mr. Johnson was not even aware of another presence until he noticed that Enid had subsided, and was leaving the field clear for her sister.

Pam advanced to Mr. Johnson with a slow, gliding movement and extended her finger tips with a practiced, siren look.

Mr. Johnson acknowledge the introduction with a curt nod.

"Oh, Oh," thought Jim. "She's off to a bad start. I should have warned the poor child that sophisticated women are his pet aversion, but I didn't think of it."

When they arrived at the Cocoanut Grove, Pam went on playing to perfection the part that she had chosen as the most alluring to a moving-picture director. Strangely enough, this did not bring about the desired result, because, although Mr. Johnson treated her remarks with great politeness, he did not seem to consider them worthy of great interest.

Enid, realizing that her sister was not receiving all the attention from Mr. Johnson, kept trying to withdraw from the conversation and give Pam the center of the stage, but Mr. Johnson refused to allow her to do this.

At last Jim, who had been watching this bit of by-play with merriment, took pity upon Pam. He asked Enid to dance and thus left Pam and Mr. Johnson alone.

Pam, her eyes big with excitement, watched broad-shouldered Jim bend over tiny Enid tenderly, and she smiled her contempt for such foolishness. Then she turned to Mr. Johnson saying,

"Do tell me about your business, Mr. Johnson. It must be terribly interesting."

"Of course," said Mr. Johnson, his eyes following Enid. "I've been wondering, Miss Stone, if I could possibly persuade your sister to write scenarios for my studios. I know that my script man would agree with me that she has the makings of a great writer. Do you suppose that she would consent?"

Pam had been about to lead the conversation skillfully to herself and her acting abilities, but at this turn of events she was aghast.

Luckily, Jim and Enid came back at this time and Mr. Johnson made his offer.

Enid was thrilled and happily consented. It was the fulfillment of one of her ambitions, the first step toward future greatness.

It was an unusual experience for Pam not to be the central figure in all that was going on. Her vanity was sorely wounded.

Later, after Jim and Mr. Johnson had left, Pam lay in her bed thinking. Her future as the wife of indulgent and influential Jim Strong would be bright. "I can make many contacts," she thought as her great self assurance returned, "as Jim's wife. Auditions with bigger companies than the Sunset Studios, too. I'll release Enid from her promise to get me a part in one of Mr. Johnson's production and I'll become a truly great star, with Jim behind me."

"How surprised Mr. Johnson will be when I land a fat contract with, say Warner Brothers."

A HAPPY ENDING

Peggy Ann O'Neill, '38

The Girls' Club held their weekly meeting at my house one rainy afternoon. Grandmother happened to be visiting us, so we begged her to tell us a story of her girlhood.

With a smile she began, "When I was eighteen my dearest friend, Helen Lois Callahan, invited me to spend the Easter Holidays at her southern home. We had been chums for a number of years as our parents had been friendly since childhood. My father was afraid to allow me to visit Helen as the North and South were in the midst of the Civil War. However, after much advice he gave me permission to depart, though unwillingly.

Two weeks later I left midst shouts from my friends and tearful goodbys from my parents. As the train pulled out, I experienced my first pangs of homesickness and realized, though dimly, the heart-ache of leaving — perhaps losing those dear to you.

The first part of the journey was enjoyable and the scenery very beautiful. But as we progressed, the country became more desolate and showed the havoc wrought by war. Evidence constantly appeared in burned homes and forlorn looking families.

Mr. Callahan met me at the station and gave me an affectionate welcome. Nevertheless, it was easy to see that something was troubling him. He said in a very grave voice, "The fighting has become serious and we will have to remain within the plantation grounds." He also said that many of their cousins and relatives had gone to fight the Yankees. In spite of all this his attitude remained cheerful and he stated they would do everything in their power to make my vacation a delightful experience.

At last we arrived at the plantation. My attention was immediately drawn to the beautiful old house situated upon a hill which commanded a gorgeous view of the surrounding countryside and the blue sparkling waters of the river in front. Enormous stone pillars and a lovely veranda, which extended all around the house, made me wish to be a Southerner, too.

To our dismay we found that food was much more scarce than usual and the plantation owners, so accustomed to luxuries, had to be conservative. I was having a wonderful time until the latter part of the week when, suddenly, a neighbor on horseback dashed furiously up the winding path and yelled, "The Yankees are coming to raid the house." If it had not been for sternness and level-headedness which Mr. Callahan displayed, confusion would have prevailed. A few minutes later all valuables were being put into underground cellars which had previously been dug for just such an emergency.

The last slanting rays of the sun disappeared and night fell. The sign of the Yankees could not be seen as yet. Everyone was weary and tears of sadness were in the eyes of many. At twelve o'clock the ladies retired and the men took turns watching the roads. As the clock struck four the sounds of approaching cavalry penetrated the stillness of the night. Everyone arose, dressed quickly, and came down stairs.

The leader knocked loudly on the door and demanded entrance. Mr. Callahan admitted him and asked him not to frighten or harm the ladies. He consented and said they were hungry and wanted food and also desired any valuables they happened to have. The servants hurriedly prepared a meal but said there was not any wine. The cavalry men were furious and threatened violence if wine was not obtained. Silence prevailed and in a fit of rage one of the men grabbed an old slave and shook him. Paralyzed, he could only shake his head and stutter. Disgusted, the soldiers ate and as they could find nothing worth taking, left the mansion and rode to the fields. Here they took choice cattle and the best horses.

Two days later a number of relatives and friends who had leave of absence gathered at the mansion and a happy reunion followed. Everyone was laughing and joking. Some time later their happiness was once more shattered as a shout was heard, "The Yankees are coming."

Simultaneously with this shout there came the rattle of musketry from the woods. The men were instantly on guard and answered with a volley of shots. When the battle was over and the enemy gone, four of our men that had been wounded, and one Yankee that had been given up for dead was found by our comrades. But the "Northerner" still lived, and soon his wounds were washed and bandaged and order was once more restored.

In the following days I became well acquainted with the Northerner and was pleased to learn that his home in the north was not more than fifteen miles distant from mine. He was kept as a prisoner until he finally escaped one stormy night.

Three weeks after this heartbreaking occurrence, orders were issued to all families to evacuate their

homes. The pain in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Callahan on the day of their departure was almost unbearable. It was not until several months later that the Civil War ended and they were able to return to their home only to find it partly ruined and badly burned. In later years they rebuilt this part and although they were far from wealthy, owing to the war, their hospitality still prevailed.

Grandmother continued with a sweet smile on her face and said, "Now of course all stories have their romantic touch. This is what happened."

"Imagine my surprise, when six months later I accidentally stumbled on a slippery pavement and was helped by none other than the 'Northerner' who had escaped. We renewed our acquaintance and six months later we were married with Helen as maid of honor."

At the conclusion of Grandmother's story the girls let out a chorus of Oh's and, as soon as they could catch their breath, thanked her and went happily on their way with the promise of another story to come soon.

A SUCCESS STORY

Jean Cummings, '39

A large poster announcing the concert of the well-known violinist, James Randall, urged little Bobby Lewis to hasten his footsteps toward home. He, too, wished to become a great concert violinist, and as he remembered the words of his deceased father, "Practice makes perfect," he ran the remaining distance to the little, old farmhouse that served as a home for his mother and himself.

Finances, after the death of his father, had prevented Bobby from taking lessons; but, because he loved his music, he practiced exercises from books that his father had used many years before. He tried also to abide by what he had been taught in previous years, and by what little help his mother could give him. Today, however, he took out his violin and wanting more than exercises, he played as if nothing in the whole world could give him more pleasure. Piece after piece came forth with so much apparent pleasure and feeling that it seemed the violin itself was doing its best to tell how happy it was, or, again how tragic the world could be. Bobby's fingers moved as if by magic, and the beautiful music told the story.

Only the appearance of a stranger standing in the doorway halted the beautiful tales of joy and tragedy.

"Please don't stop," said the stranger. "Keep playing!"

Although he was somewhat surprised Bobby's mind was too far off to do anything but smile and continue. He played on and on, completely forgetting the stranger sitting on the doorstep.

Finally, the exclamation of Mrs. Lewis, who had just returned from the village, and had seen the large car parked in front of the house, stopped the concert. Bobby was embarrassed and didn't know quite what to say; but his audience began to talk and ask questions so rapidly that he had all he could do to answer all the questions that were demanded of him, and to verify or deny the many statements.

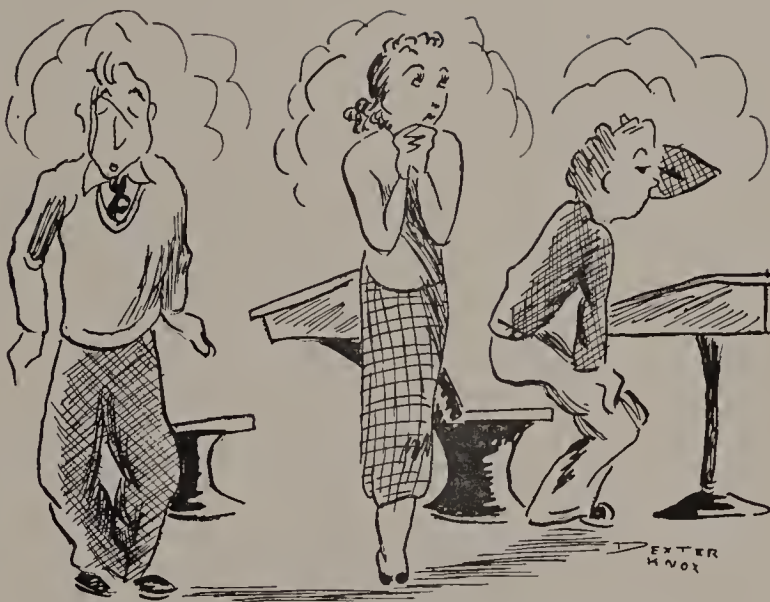
Finally everything quieted down and all began to understand one another. Mr. White, the stranger, explained that he had lost his way after taking a detour and had stopped to inquire directions. He heard Bobby playing and had stayed to listen to the beautiful music.

It was then getting late, and, as there were no large cities near by, Mr. White was invited to stay for supper. While Mrs. Lewis was preparing the meal, the man and the little boy had a long talk. Bobby told him of his dream to become a great musician and play his music to the whole world. Mr. White said that he, too, was a great music lover, and was on his way to hear James Randall, when he lost his way. They had much in common, and both man and boy seemed to glow as they spoke of different pieces that they were particularly fond of hearing. Mr. White was astonished at the extent of the boy's knowledge of music and later learned the reason, when Bobby showed him his father's music that he used. The unexpected visitor left after supper with promises of seeing his newly-found friends again soon.

Four days later the big car again drove up to the old farmhouse door. As it was early in the afternoon Bobby was still in school, but Mrs. Lewis cordially welcomed her guest. There followed a long conversation in which Mr. White told of his wish to have Bobby and his mother come to the city to live with him. Mrs. Lewis immediately refused what she thought was kindly offered charity; but after the details were learned, she found that she was to act as Mr. White's housekeeper, and in return Bobby was to have lessons from the best teachers. It was an offer difficult to refuse, yet she felt that she could not accept it. However, after a great deal of persuasion on grounds that he was an old man, living all alone, and would enjoy a child in the house, she finally did accept just as Bobby came in sight of the house.

When Mr. White's carefully laid plans were set before Bobby, there was never a happier little boy in the land. How glad he was then that he had been inspired the day he read the poster announcing James Randall.

Ten years later Bobby, now Mr. Robert Lewis, concert violinist, saw all his childhood dreams come true — the dreams of a little boy away back on an old farm.



THEY ARE STILL GOING AROUND
IN THAT "AFTER VACATION DAZE"

BIRTHDAYS

M. Cadoret, '40

"Well," said Jane Simpson to her friend, Mary Brent, as they sat on the end of the bed that they shared at the Morton School for Girls. "Friday is Mother's birthday and I am going to spend the week-end with her. I must go out tomorrow and choose a nice present. I can only spend twenty dollars for it because that is all I have saved from my allowance. You know, I only have three days left to get it. Will you help me?"

"Certainly," said Mary, "because I wish to get her something, too."

So the next day the two girls set out on a shopping tour. After hours of ceaseless walking and inquiring, the girls finally selected their gifts. Mary bought Mrs. Simpson a beautiful hand embroidered handkerchief set, and Jane bought her a little gold pendant and put her picture inside of it.

When they got back to school they wrapped their presents to have them ready for Jane to take with her when she left on the nine-fifteen train for New York, Thursday morning.

She was eager to get home and see her parents once more. Her father was a wealthy banker, tall and handsome, with dark hair turning slightly gray at the edges, while her blonde, petite mother was a charming contrast to him. Jane was given every luxury in life and was sent to one of the most ex-

pensive and exclusive schools in Massachusetts. She lived high in the suburbs of New York in a beautiful stone mansion. She had a summer home, a winter home, a yacht, and everything that would make any girl in New York envious of her. She dressed like a queen and certainly looked the part with her blond, natural curly hair and the fresh loveliness of her youth. For all these luxuries she was not the spoiled selfish type, but just the opposite; kind and considerate to the helpless and poor. Many a time she bought them food, clothing, and fuel to keep them living, and they loved her for it.

When Jane went to the Morton School for Girls three years ago, she picked as her room-mate taffy haired, blue eyed Mary Brent, and the two girls developed a great friendship for one another. Many times Mary had gone to stay at Jane's home in New York, so it was only natural that she wanted to get Jane's mother a birthday gift.

The next morning the girls were up bright and early and it wasn't long before it was time for Jane to leave for the station.

"Good bye, Mary," said Jane. "I shall see you Monday; and thank you for mother's gift. I just know she will like it. You're a dear and I wish you were coming, too."

"Good-bye, Janie, I shall see you when you get back," said a sad faced Mary. So with these words the two girls parted.

Having reached the station, Jane suddenly remembered she had left the gifts at the school, so she hurried stepped into a cab.

"Oh please hurry! Go as fast as you can, I must make this train."

The poor driver didn't know what to think when this girl jumped into his cab and didn't even tell him where she was going.

"Go faster, driver," she said, after giving him the address. "Go as fast as this cab can go."

"Listen lady," said the driver, "I don't want to get arrested for killing pedestrians." But finally they arrived there and Jane discovered she was too late and would have to take the next train.

When she reached the station an hour later to take that train, the place was in an uproar. People were crying and women were wandering about, while others were fainting. She called a porter to learn the reason for the confusion and was informed that the nine-fifteen train had become derailed. Many people had been killed.

"Quick, where is the telegraph station?" she asked a man in a uniform.

"Right over there, Miss, where the crowd is," he told her.

Frantically, she took a pad and wrote, "Mother, Am safe-stop-Missed train-stop-Will be home to-night-stop-God bless birthday otherwise would have taken train-stop. Love to all, Jane."

After going back to school, she said to Mary, "If it hadn't been for Mother's birthday, she probably would be having a funeral for her daughter. It must have been an act of Providence that saved me"

AN UNEXPECTED EXPERIENCE

J. E. Kenney, '39

As Jack opened his eyes on the first day of his May vacation, yawned, and looked out of the window, his first feeling was one of having had a complete rest. How strange, he thought, that I never have such a feeling on a school morning. As he descended the stairs he smelled sausage cooking for breakfast, and was pleased that his mother was having his favorite dish on a morning when he had time to do it ample justice. Before leaving for the office his father outlined what he expected him to do as chores on his vacation, then said, "I'm taking a few days' vacation, Jack, and I'm going to take you and your chum camping."

Jack could scarcely take time to feed his dog before going over to Bob's house to tell him the good news. He did not have long to wait before the telephone rang and his chum's cheery voice said, "What do you think, Jack, dad is going to take us on a camping trip."

Jack said, "But, gee Bob, that's what my father has promised me. I don't know what's up now." His mother laughed and said, "Your fathers were fooling you boys. You are all going together." That made everything perfect from the boys' standpoint.

On Wednesday morning they drove to Boston, where they took a boat to Maine and travelled the rest of the way by machine. Jack's father had often promised him this trip and he knew he was going to enjoy every minute of it. It was hard to realize that what he had dreamed of for such a long time was at last being realized.

When they had gone as far as the machine could go into the woods, they were met by the guide with four extra horses. A few miles through the dense woods brought them to a log cabin, where a fine meal awaited them, after which they were glad to turn in.

The next morning was cloudy and the boys were rather disappointed, but the guide told them it was an ideal morning to fish. There was a good trout stream near the camp and good fishing was enjoyed by all until noon. It seemed to the boys that nothing had tasted more delicious than that trout, cooked out of doors over the burning embers. After lunch the two men decided they had had enough exercise for the first day and would rest. But the boys were ready for more fun. "You may take two of the horses, boys, and follow the trails if you're careful."

The horses were accustomed to the woods and as glad to have the exercise as the boys were to ride. They had gone several miles when Jack saw a thin column of smoke on their right. "Look Bob, do you see what I see?" asked Jack. "Yep" replied Bob briefly, "let's go." So the boys tied their horses and went to investigate. They crept cautiously, not wishing to be seen. They thought it was another camping party like themselves, and were surprised to find that they were much mistaken.

Seated near the fire were two very "tough looking" men. They seemed to be arguing and did not notice the boys. All would have been fine if the boys had left at this juncture, but, like most boys, they wanted to know what it was all about. As they crept a little closer, Bob stumbled and at the noise both men were on their feet, one with a revolver drawn. To try to retreat was useless. "Put up your hands and come over here. Who has sent you here spying on us, and what do you want?" growled the roughest looking of the two men. Both boys tried to talk at once, so anxious were they to impress upon the two men that they were just riding and were curious to see who their neighbors were. The men moved away a short distance, keeping the boys covered, and talked. "Say Bo, let's keep the horses and let them hoof it back to where they came from," suggested one.

But the one who had previously spoken snapped, "No soap! Use your head Jake. Let them go and they would spread the alarm and the police would be on us in no time!" Finally they agreed that the best thing to do was to take the horses and the boys and get away from the vicinity very quickly.

The boys were then led to their horses. "Get on" growled the rough looking man as he mounted behind Jack, while the other climbed awkwardly behind Bob. "Ride as fast as you can and if you're smart, you won't try any funny business. From their conversation it was plain that they did not know the woods, but they did know the direction in which they wanted to go, which was away from the boys' camp.

After a very long ride the men decided that they had gone far enough for one day. They all dismounted and one man made some unsweetened coffee, which was shared with the boys, who were then tied to prevent escape. The two boys were hungry and uncomfortable but as they were tired, nature soon asserted itself and they fell asleep.

When morning came, the boys awoke to the smell of something cooking. How good it smelled! It was a rabbit, shot by one of the men and it was cooking in the same can in which the coffee was cooked the night before. The boys were thankful for anything, as they had not eaten since noon of the day before, and had to admit that it tasted good. The men were not sociable, but were not as ugly as they looked.

After breakfast they once again set out on the horses, which were beginning to be worn out, as they had not been fed. At noon a halt was called and Bo said, "This is as far as we're going today. We're too worn out, but you can duck in the brook there and maybe catch some fish for supper. But remember, we're watching." And he added a few threats to prevent the boys from attempting to escape. Jack and Bob enjoyed their swim, but did not catch any fish, deciding they'd have to be much smarter to do that without a hook.

Upon nearing the spot where the men and horses were, they found both men asleep. "What'll we do, Jack, quick?" asked Bob. The man who had the revolver had let it slip from his fingers and had also let his horse go. The other man had the rope which was tying his horse wound securely about his hand. It was certain that at most only one horse could be taken. Jack took the revolver and said, "Bob, lead the horse a short distance away before mounting, then ride as fast as you can toward camp. I'll take my chances with the men, with the revolver in my possession." Reluctant to leave his friend in such grave danger but convinced that it was the only way, Bob left.

The men slept on and on. "Gee, it must be three or four hours since Bob left here. What's happened to him? What will happen to me when the men awake?" Jack's troubled thoughts would be answered by time alone. Finally one of the men awoke and reached for his revolver. His eyes rested on Jack, some distance away, holding the revolver pointed at him. "Don't move or I'll shoot," Jack commanded. The man awoke his companion, "Bo look," he shouted. They pleaded with Jack and threatened him. Night began to fall. What would happen when it became dark? "I can't keep both men covered and either one is much stronger than I am. But, that was the chance that I had to take when I sent Bob away."

The men became ugly now and saying he was going to kill him, Bo started toward Jack. Jack tried to keep calm; he drew his breath, took careful aim and fired. He hit the man in the leg, just as he had intended to do. Jake was so astonished that he did not move at first and then realized that it was too late, as Jack immediately turned the revolver on him. For what seemed an eternity to Jack he remained in the same position, keeping watch over what he believed to be two criminals, one of whom was wounded and in much pain. All during the night he prayed as he had never prayed before.

Just as dawn was creeping over the horizon he heard the sound of horses hoofs. A more welcome sound he had never heard. He tried to cry out, but could not make a sound. Finally the revolver was taken from his hand by his father and for the first time in many hours he was able to relax. The guide

recognized the men as escaped convicts for whom the police had been searching for days. A reward was offered for their capture. Jack and Bob received this reward later although they both said they would not want to repeat the experience for many times the amount received.

The next day was a quiet one at the camp. Everyone slept late and rest was the order of the day. However, the remaining days were spent many miles from camp, salmon fishing, which perhaps is the best sport known to anglers, and it actually drove from the minds of the boys all thoughts of the trying, unexpected experience.

LOVE FINDS A WAY

M. Gunter, '38

In a beautiful, luxurious home, a cheerful fire was burning briskly in the living room. The firelight flickered on the faces of the three people — two men and a little girl. Arlene Madison was listening intently to a conversation going on between her father and her Uncle Jim. They were discussing the latest theft by the "X." "X" was the sign which was left after each robbery by a group of thieves. They had been working in Eastern New York, but now had committed a bank robbery only twenty-five miles from Arlene's home in Rockhill.

"Outrageous!" sputtered Mr. Madison. "It is about time the police did something!"

"Well," drawled Jim Madison, who had arrived a month ago from Colorado, "out in my country we men cooperate with the police. Many a time I've led a posse into the hills for rustlers or robbers. Why I remember — oh, I am getting away from the point." After a pause he continued, "If the men in the East would only do a little work, this 'X' would not last long."

Mr. Madison had been gazing searchingly into his younger brother's tanned face. Mr. Madison hadn't seen Jim since he left home ten years ago. He approved of the clear, intelligent-looking blue eyes, determined chin, and manly build. "Yes, that is true. Of course, there are so many police here, that we think there are enough to protect us. If the police could only get a lead!" said Arlene's father, vehemently.

Arlene was still listening with ears and eyes wide open, as most children of nine will. She loved to sit at the feet of her father with her head on his knees, as he occasionally stroked her lovely hair. She was also fascinated by this tall, genial young man. Already he occupied a place in her heart. This heart of hers favored her beautiful mother, her idolized father, her favorite teacher, Miss Harte, and now, Uncle Jim.

Miss Harte had heard a great deal about this Uncle Jim, how young he was and that he was Ar-

lene's shining knight. She was very fond of Arlene. That day, Arlene had asked her to dinner because she wanted her to meet Uncle Jim. "At last," she thought, "I am going to see what this person looks like!"

Hawkins, the Madison's butler, opened the door that night, to a very smartly but conservatively dressed young woman. Miss Harte, no longer the teacher but now the guest, entered.

Dinner was a happy and exciting occasion with Uncle Jim telling his thrilling adventures, which made Arlene's eyes as large as saucers. Later, all gathered in the living room. Talk flowed like a river. It drifted from jokes and stories, to the news and the latest crime of the "X" — the kidnapping of a child in a town only ten miles away.

"If they don't catch those men soon, everyone might just as well hibernate until they do!" Mr. Madison said emphatically.

"I hope they come no nearer!" exclaimed Arlene with a shudder. "I am afraid!"

"Don't think of such things, dear," said Ronnie Harte, but she hoped and prayed that they would not come to Rockhill.

"What would you do, Uncle Jim," asked Arlene, "if they came to Rockhill? Would you head a posse and go after them?"

Uncle Jim lightly replied, "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!"

By the end of the evening, Ronnie and Jim were conversing as if they had known each other for a number of years.

Ronnie became a frequent and welcome visitor at the Madison's. She and Jim were now fast friends. They usually included Arlene in their drives and hikes, and often Ronnie would return to the Madison home with Arlene after school.

One day, when Arlene and Ronnie were on their way to meet Uncle Jim, a car drove up beside them, and stopped.

"Can you tell me the way to Stoneport?" one of the men called out.

"Where?" inquired Ronnie, stepping to the car. The front and back doors opened, and two men emerged. Before Ronnie could say anything, both she and Arlene, who had followed her, were forced into the car. Then the car started up again.

"What is the — ?" Before Ronnie could finish, one of the men said, "Oh, shut up! This is a snatch!"

Another man said, "Too bad, the dame had to be with the Madison kid. What shall we do with her?"

"Do with her? The only thing we can do! Take her along with us. She can take Molly's place in caring for the kid."

Little Arlene was terrified at the rough, uncouth language that the men used. She didn't like where she was either — on the car floor.

Ronnie knew it would be futile to try to make any outbursts. They were going to gag her, but she

promised she would make no noise and no attempt to signal passerbys.

"Do you think she will do it, boss?" the man in the back asked of the man in the passenger's seat.

"If she starts anything funny, slap her down!" the boss answered.

Ronnie felt chills playing tag along her backbone and a queer empty feeling in her stomach at the sound of the cold, deadly tone of his voice. She was not concerned for herself, but for Arlene. Dear little Arlene, if anything should happen to her!

All was silent for sometime until — "Bang!"

"I told you that poor tire wouldn't last," the driver said disgustingly. "Now we will lose time!"

Ronnie was told to get out to enable the men to procure the necessary tools.

"You," said the boss, pointing to Ronnie, "stand beside the car."

Ronnie obediently stood close to a rear tire. She was guarded by the burly driver whose back was toward her.

Meanwhile, Jim was walking toward the school to meet Arlene and Ronnie. This had now become a habit — meeting Arlene and Ronnie at four o'clock.

At four-fifteen, Jim asked a group of little girls, "Do you know where Miss Harte is?"

One little girl spoke up, "She isn't in school." Another one said, "I saw her and Arlene being helped into a car by two men."

As Jim turned and retraced his steps, he noticed a glove lying beside the road. He stopped and picked it up. "Ronnie's glove!" He noticed the foot prints. It looked as if a slight scuffle had taken place. Then his keen eyes searched and studied the prints of the tires. They were new and had clay on them.

At five o'clock, Mr. Madison answered the telephone. "Hello, Madison? Listen, your daughter is being held for \$25,000 ransom by 'X'. Do as we tell you and no harm will come to her," the voice said warningly. "A lady is taking care of her — her teacher." The voice clearly but quickly gave the details as to where the money was to be left.

When the connection was dead, Mr. Madison could only say to Mrs. Madison and Jim, "The 'X' have her and Ronnie!"

"Harry, Jim inquired, addressing Mr. Madison, "where can clay be found around here?"

"Well, only on Sawyer Hill." Mr. Madison answered brusquely, deeming it an irrelevant question.

"Well," said Jim with deliberate determination, "that is where we will find them!" He then showed Mr. Madison Ronnie's glove and told him about the tire marks.

In less than half an hour, the police, with Jim and Mr. Madison, started toward Sawyer Hill. They kept examining tire marks. When they were half

way up, a policeman stopped and picked up a glove. "Is this the mate to the glove you showed us?" he inquired of Jim.

"Yes! yes, it is!" Jim exclaimed excitedly. "We must be on the right track after all!"

"The only place on this road that would afford shelter is the old deserted Macon farm. Very likely that is where they are," the sergeant said, with sureness in his voice.

In less than fifteen minutes, the Macon house had been surrounded and an entrance gained. The men who were in the house were captured and Arlene and Ronnie were released from the attic.

When Jim saw Ronnie, all he said was, "Ronnie! Ronnie, my dear, are you all right?"

"I just knew you would find my gloves; I said a prayer when I dropped them," Ronnie whispered as he drew her into his arms. "I told Arlene you would," she continued with a loving look toward Arlene, who stood beside her father, laughing through her tears.



- In Memoriam -

Thomas Henry McGowan, Junior

Thomas Henry McGowan, Jr., born February 27, 1921, died September 3, 1937, was a member of the class of 1938 of Woburn High School. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. McGowan.

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

—Wordsworth

To express fittingly the sorrow and deep sense of loss felt by the entire student body at the tragedy of this past summer is beyond the power of human expression. The Senior Class has reassembled, and in its ranks is a yawning gap previously filled by a happy boy, whom the Angel of Death has plucked in the very bloom of youth. We of the Senior Class have already expressed our condolences to Tommy's family; we now pledge to Tommy that the memory of his life among us shall hold a prominent place in our hearts until we shall be reunited in life to come.

Shirley Sellers, '38.



EDITORIALS

THE AMERICAN LEGION AND THE CONSTITUTION

Edward Ryan, '38

How proud we all ought to be that our city has produced such a fine man as Daniel Doherty. We can feel pride in the fact that one of our citizens is able to fill such a distinguished office as National Commander of the American Legion. The officials of Woburn have done everything possible to make his return a pleasant one, for he has made this city famous.

It is difficult to understand the great importance of the American Legion until one studies the situation over in Europe. The governments range from absolute monarchy to anarchy. Not one European country can boast of the same kind of national feeling as that which exists in the United States. This feeling is due largely to the influence of our remarkable institutions, one of which is the American Legion, an institution which stands behind American ideals and the American Constitution.

It would be profitable for everyone of us to spend an hour reading the Constitution, which is one of the finest documents ever written. It has a much greater influence over our lives than any of us realize.

It is a coincidence that the Legion Convention should occur at the same time as the Sesquicentennial of the Constitution, but it certainly is an appropriate way of celebrating it.

Let us wish Mr. Doherty luck, and hope that he will be extremely successful in his new undertaking.

SAFETY ON THE HIGHWAY

H. Crovo, '38

Safety is a word with which this generation is certainly familiar. With the coming of the automobile, traffic on the streets and highways speeded up, and speed and carelessness too often go hand in hand.

One cannot blame the automobile manufacturers for the carelessness, for every year they spend millions perfecting the safety devices on their cars. Brakes, headlights, motors, all show improvement each year, and still the terrible loss of lives from automobile accidents goes on. The answer is this: while the engineers and car designers can and do improve their cars, they cannot make the same improvements in the drivers. The operator of a car, knowing his brakes are good, will drive a little

faster, depending on those brakes to keep him out of trouble. The solution to that would seem to be to cut down the speed of motors. But, almost the first question a prospective purchaser of a car asks is, "How fast will it go?" State and local traffic laws regulate the speed limit of motor vehicles, but it is a temptation few men can resist to break those laws when the car they are driving "can do eighty".

Consideration for others should be the keynote of any safety campaign. No doubt, because of the ego which dwells in all of us, every driver of an automobile feels that he or she is competent to handle that car safely at any speed. It is nearly always, in the driver's opinion the "other fellow" who is to blame when an accident occurs. Perhaps it is true that if each driver could operate his car on a private highway, with no pedestrians or cross roads, accidents would be rare. However, we do have to consider the "other fellow" and hope that he will remember that we, too, have certain inalienable rights, and that the first of these is life.

So many accidents are due wholly to carelessness. Pedestrians know that crossing a traveled highway is a hazardous undertaking at best, and yet, how many times you see men and women dash across the street with no regard for traffic. One wonders what their reactions would be if cars made a practice of running up on the sidewalks at will.

Every intersecting street or blind corner should be approached with care and yet how many times one "takes a chance" — taking a chance with the life of some other person.

Children are naturally thoughtless and forgetful; all adult persons know this and should slow down when passing children, especially when they are at play. If the children were one's own, caution would be instinctive. We should be ashamed to be less thoughtful of the children of others.

Perhaps it would be a good plan to have early morning broadcasts on safety. In many families the radio is turned on to keep members of the family posted on the correct time or the morning news. The broadcaster might ask, "Are you using the car this morning? Remember to have some consideration for the safety of others. You don't want to be responsible for causing sorrow and heartache in any family today."

The campaign for safety must go on unceasingly, for we are forgetful as well as careless, and the good resolutions we make today are too often history tomorrow.

WHAT'S IN A HOBBY?

Ralph Mitchell, '40

Within the next few years we shall all be stepping out into the world on our own; no longer will we have anyone to fall back on for help or encouragement. Some of us plan to attend college, others may already have jobs in view; but, by far, the great majority of us have no idea as to what we are going to do after graduation.

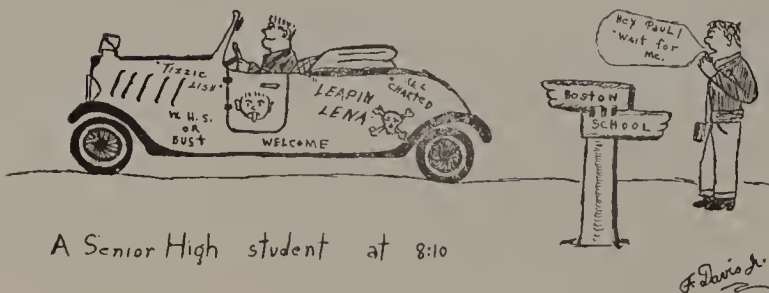
While we are still in High School together, an opportunity presents itself to develop interests in individual hobbies to which we may devote our spare time. A hobby may lead to our life's work, such as dramatics, aeronautics, cartooning, photography and numerous others. Interest in a hobby develops ambitions which make us want to cover our hobby more thoroughly and to talk to other people about their interests and ours. All this leads to one point — our life work.

Consult the teachers, our principal, and friends and relatives; all of them are eager to help us in reaching our goal. They have had the experience that we are about to have and will help us find our mistakes and correct them. If we must make mistakes, let's make them now while they may be corrected, not when we are out in the world where a mistake might mean the loss of a job.

The points thus far mentioned all help to broaden a person's mind and to strengthen his ambitions to reach the goal of success.

A person's hobby also manifests his or her personality. Just think! A good education, an ambition, and a personality already for us. All we have to do is work for them. Are they worth it? Look around and see the millions of people out of work when they could be working, if they had these valuable assets. Think of the people that did reach the top when the whole world seemed to be against them. Some of them, perhaps, were lucky; but a good many more fought every obstacle they met — a hard road to take, but worth it.

Live by the mottos that are seen in our classrooms. "What You Are to Be You Are Now Becoming". Each act, each word you say, either counts for you or against you on the road to success. Try to make them tally for you instead of against you, and you will be "making the most of today."



A Senior High student at 8:10

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

H. Crovo, '38

A good citizen respects the institutions of his country, obeys its laws, is peaceful, honest and industrious. He should also vote intelligently, pay his taxes and fight for his Country in time of war.

That would seem to be a man-sized job, and yet there is even more to being a truly good citizen.

A good citizen is a good neighbor, and that means he is interested in making his community and his city a good place in which to live.

So many times the appearance of an attractive group of homes is spoiled by one poorly kept lawn, a cluttered yard, or a straggly hedge. Not every homeowner, or tenant, can keep his house painted regularly, or beautify his grounds; but he can, if he is interested in the appearance of his street, keep his grounds clean and cared for.

In almost every city or town there are clubs and institutions which are maintained for the good of the community, and supported by contributions and the work of citizens. You can judge for yourself, whether or not you are a good citizen, if you remember your response the last time you were asked to help raise money for your hospital, or charitable organization. Were you too busy? Perhaps you said YOU had done enough, it was time some one else helped, or maybe you just were not interested. The persons to be helped were your neighbors, members of the same community, and if you were a good citizen you would be glad to do your share.

I believe that one of the most important duties of a citizen is to take a sincere interest in city, state, and national elections. "The vote is the greatest gift citizenship gives us." So long as we are allowed to choose the men who govern us, we are free people and citizens of a free country. Let us all be good citizens, worthy of our privileges.

ARMISTICE DAY

Edward Ryan, '38

Of all the holidays in the year, Armistice Day is the saddest. It brings back memories of those brave men who sacrificed their life and safety for their country. Many of us wonder if their lives were given in vain; if the world has changed any because of their sacrifice. Europe and Asia are preparing for war. Can it be that the world will yet see a conflict which will equal or even surpass the World War? Can it be that they have forgotten the lesson that the war taught? Must we learn it again by bitter experience and loss of life and limb? The ever present reminder, the wounded and the dead, should be enough to turn the thoughts of the entire world toward peace.

There is talk of the gains and losses of the World War. There is no comparison. The World War was the greatest calamity that the world has

ever known. It achieved nothing, and it demanded the supreme sacrifice of thousands of men who had their whole life ahead of them. The property damage was so great that it can only be estimated. The only ones who gained anything were the diplomats who caused the war, and they got more than they bargained for. The munitions manufacturers became billionaires during the war, but their money came from the blood of the men who died and were wounded. The manufacture of new and more deadly war instruments was brought about by the war, but this can hardly be called a gain, unless these inventions are used to promote peace, which is most unlikely. President Wilson's saying, "The War to End All Wars" seems to be in error, for even now Europe is preparing for a new war.

The following statistics are interesting: Germany lost 1,611,104 men in the World War; Austria-Hungary lost 911,000 men in the war; Turkey lost 436,924 men in the war; Russia lost 2,736,064 men in the war; France lost 1,427,800 men in the war; England lost 807,451 men; United States lost 107,284 men in the war. What a waste of men, material, and money the World War was! Think of all the wonderful things which these men might have done in the past nineteen years if the World War had been avoided. Perhaps one of them might have found a cure for cancer, or some other dreaded disease. Perhaps one of them might have invented a rocket-ship which would have reached one of the other planets. We can think of many other things which these men could possibly have accomplished, but which the world must do without today. That is the price of war. The Civil War is not paid for yet, and our great-grand-children will still be paying for the World War. It would be wise to wait until former wars are paid for before starting another war. If that were the case, most of us would never live to see another war.

The United States is really the only country which wants to do away with war, but it is impossible for one nation alone to accomplish such a tremendous task. The only way that we can keep out of war is to avoid foreign entanglements and arm to the teeth so that no foreign power will dare to pick a quarrel with us.

All these are appropriate thoughts for Armistice Day, but we must do more than think about this matter. We must act!

HOCKEY

Robert Temple, '40

Woburn High School should have a hockey team, for most other cities have one. There are two hockey leagues for schools in Greater Boston. One of these leagues is the Bay State League and the other is the Greater Boston League.

Schools do not have to present an experienced team in order to be admitted to these leagues. They were made possible in order that hockey would not die in High School. These leagues rent the Boston Arena and the Boston Garden for games on Saturday afternoons. This means that the games will be played regardless of the weather. Each team is allowed a certain time to practice in one of these rinks.

Hockey is a sport that is coming back strong. Last season hockey was more of a drawing card than any other High School Sport with the exception of football.

In hockey there are not as many expenses as in football and not as much equipment is required.

Hockey is now a dead sport in our school, but I think it could soon be revived, if enough enthusiasm could be aroused.

SAFETY IN A FIRE DRILL

Clara Martini, '38

"Clang, clang, clang!" sounded the fire gong. Boys with stern, steady eyes walked quickly to their posts. The smell of smoke was keen throughout the building. Students with faces pale with fear, filed rapidly down the smoky corridor.

A fire guard sped to a door which had been left open, but not before a girl had seen the leaping flames beyond it.

"Fire!" she screamed and pushed her way through the crowd. Other pupils, boys and girls, took up the cry and started to run down the corridor. At the head of a stairway, the jostling became so vigorous that one student crashed down on those below. A general panic was in full swing. Gone was every vestige of self-control. The attempts of the sane were futile against the savagery of the hysterical. One need not tell the outcome of this particular fire. Many were burned to death and several injured.

The great newspapers took up the article from the small town chronicle which was printed in that sad village and it was read from coast to coast. This started a movement in our schools for frequent fire drills. Each hamlet and metropolis picked up the practice, trying in every way possible to eliminate the chances of riot and panic in their schools, should a fire begin.

Today we try to teach the importance and seriousness of the fire drill, which some pupils look upon merely as a momentary escape from study or a time for relaxation and amusement. Should one of these fire drills turn out to be a real fire some day, it would be these same frivolous, boisterous people who would quickly lose their heads and probably their lives.

The gravity of a fire drill cannot be stressed too strongly. Upon this realization, above all things,

does the success of a fire drill depend. Absolute silence is the best assurance of rapid, unobstructed traffic. For safer and more successful fire drills, practice the silent filing system and keep a cool head.

COMMUNITY SPIRIT

Bernard McGuerty, '39

Community spirit is essential to good citizenship. It is also essential to happiness in one's individual life. One must think of the community as well as of himself, and the first step for a student who wishes to develop a broad community spirit, is to achieve school spirit. The term school spirit, is often narrowly interpreted. Not only does it mean that we should support the athletic teams by shouting through megaphones, or by being noisy in our approval of the home team, but that we should also show the proper spirit in our classrooms. The student should show his school spirit by his interest in the various activities of his school and of his fellow students.

School spirit also means more than being a good scholar. It means an attitude of friendliness and helpful cooperation toward other students. By developing tolerance, sympathy, habits of working together, and ability to see school problems as well as personal problems, one lays the foundation for a career of public spirit which will go far to insure one's happiness as well as effectiveness as a member of society.

STUDIES

R. Hutchinson, '39

Do you do your homework faithfully, or do you say: "Oh, I guess I can do it at the beginning of school," or "I don't care, I can get along without it"?

But you can't get along without it. You must do your homework if you want to pass each term. Your teachers tell you this hundreds of times. But do you heed them? No! You keep on saying the same thing, that you can pass without it.

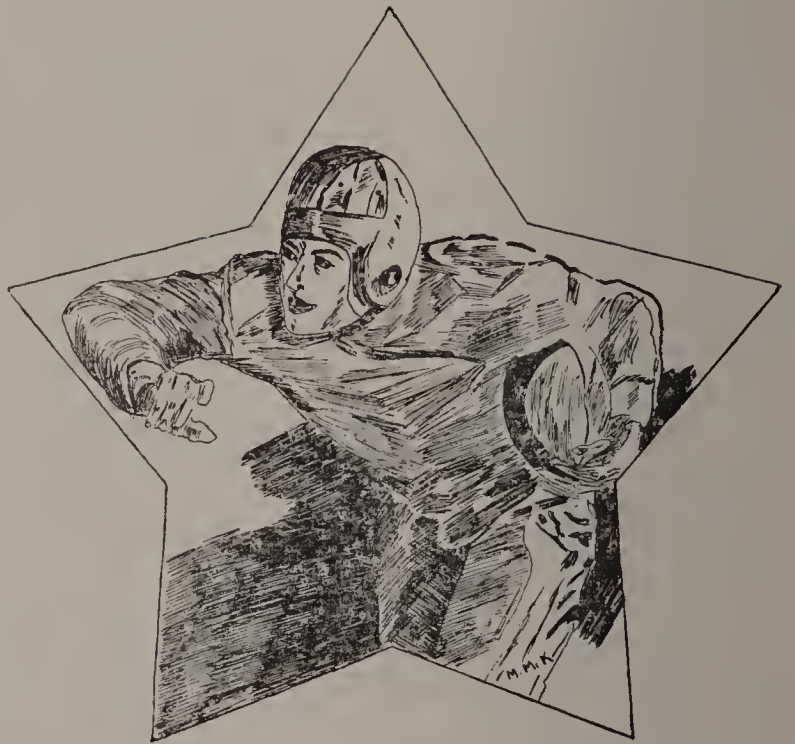
Remember that every bit of homework assigned to you will come up in the next day's lesson, and if you don't know it, down goes a poor mark beside your name.

So why not heed the teacher's warning and at least try to do your homework faithfully; for you know that if you really do try, the teachers are bound to give you a fair mark.

SUPPORT SCHOOL SPORTS

John McDermott, '39

School spirit is very rarely seen in our school sports. Take football, for instance. We have cheerleaders at every game, yet they produce no results. Is it their fault? No, it is not. The blame rests on the students themselves who should show the proper



spirit to their school teams. The pupils should learn the cheers, sit in a group in the grandstand, and cheer their team whether winning or losing. If even one-tenth of the students of Woburn High represented the school at home games, and sat together and cheered, we could have a fine cheering section. We owe this support to the team. They practice every day for three hours just to give us a winning team. The players show school spirit. Why shouldn't the pupils? Let us give the team a winning cheering section and watch them "go to town."

TWENTIETH CENTURY BARBARISM

Shirley Sellers, '38

Recently on picking up a newspaper, I saw a picture of a Chinese infant sitting in the middle of a shell-torn street crying. It was perhaps wailing for its mother or father, neither of whom may have answered or will ever answer its pitiful cry.

This scene, similar to many others this it is our misfortune to see daily, made me wonder if, perchance, we are not under the wrong impression when we believe that the whole world is civilized. I believe that it is standing still in this regard.

We advance, to some extent, but in turn these advancements deprive us of some degree of civilization. I shall use as an example the airplane. How much better it would have been for civilization, had it never been invented, inasmuch as it is being used as an instrument of death and destruction.

What better lessons do the people of the whole world need than the past World War to show them how little can be gained by war? Apparently, by the unsettled condition of the whole world, at present, it seems as if nothing were gained.

The ravaged cities of China are fast multiplying as Japan's greed urges her on and on to ruthless murder. Greed does not belong to civilization! Civilized people would not desire to slaughter and destroy.

Japan does not limit its murder to Chinese, but threatens the lives of Americans, British, and also people of other countries who have interests in China. Not long ago, the American Red Cross Hospital was bombed, and soon after this came the intentional destroying of the North Station where the Japanese knew that women and children refugees were being sheltered. In ages past, when even the most barbarous tribes were at war, at least, it was a man to man conflict and the women and children were comparatively safe, but now even the women are called upon to fight side by side with the men and the military training of mere infants seems to be the order of the day. Is this civilization?

Webster said, "Civilization is the state of being refined in manners. It is social culture and refinement." I will believe that we are civilized people when someone can convince me that murder, slaughter, and greed are social culture and refinement.

WHAT NOT TO DO WITH BOOKS

Helen Parshley, '40

The one-thirty bell rang. Bill grabbed his books, and made a wild dash for the door. Rushing down the stairs, taking them two by two, he hurried out the door. Ten minutes later, he raced up the steps of his home, slammed his books on the table, and soon ran out again with a sandwich in one hand and his foot ball helmet in the other. Poor little Geometry! And for that matter, Latin, English, and History, also! This year they had certainly been sadly neglected.

Bill was certainly different from little Agnes to whom they had belonged the previous year. How faithfully every afternoon, she had taken them out of her brief case and laid them gently on the desk. And oh, how she did study them. Propositions never were left to figure out in the morning. Oh, no! Agnes spent hours on those geometry problems. Agnes did not have any pesky dog like Rags, Bill's terrier, who once chattered the corner of his history book.

But this year — it had been nothing but slam-banging all year. Every afternoon there was something. That day he had stopped on his way home from school to play a little football. Poor Latin who by mistake, of course, was right in the middle of the field, where all the football players landed on her, suffered agonies. The picture of Caesar crossing the Rubicon had been completely torn out, and the rest of its pages were grim with sand and gravel. Geometry and History were there too. They had taken a severe beating, but survived in spite of their

injuries. One night, they had even been left on the window sill, and unluckily it rained. The next morning, when Bill woke up, they were thoroughly soaked.

Agnes had not munched sticky candies as she studied, and then smeared it on the clean white pages of her book. Neither had she scribbled in the book, when she worked.

But that was a book's life. You never knew who you would get to take care of you. If you were lucky, you would get some sweet little girl like Agnes. But, if you were not, you got some one like Bill.

DO WE WANT WAR?

Genovina Maffeo, '38

If nations would be content and peaceful, without jealousy of one another, we should be able to picture an entirely different world. Look at present conditions. Instead of peace, there is turmoil. China and Japan are at war, and thousands of people are being killed and wounded; cities are turned to ashes; the people are terrified and starving. Next take a look into Europe, and what do you see? England, Germany, Italy, Russia, France, watching one another, some of them trying to find an excuse for a quarrel. And so, all over the world, countries are dissatisfied; in fact, the world is rushing headlong toward another war.

Let's look back upon the years 1911 to 1914. What do we find? The same conditions as we have now. Disputes over land; one country trying to be more powerful than another, each wanting the largest navy and army. Haven't these nations enough domestic problems on their hands without thinking of power? Haven't they debts enough to pay for the past wars? Don't they remember the horrors and the millions of people killed and wounded in the last war? Do they remember the horrors and the millions of men between high school age and forty-five who went to defend their countries and never returned? Or the mothers and fathers still heartbroken over the loss of their sons or husbands? Just take a look sometime into one of the veterans' hospitals; there you have the whole war laid out in front of you. The sight of those poor men, disabled and disfigured for life, makes one use his imagination and realize what they have suffered.

You often hear men who have gone to war remark, "I hope I'll never hear the cry 'war' again." If you watch them closely you will see their eyes dim at the recollection, and now and then you even detect a shudder.

The other day I was talking to a man who was in the World War for three years. When he went to war he was a very young man; his name is Harry. In April 1915 Harry and a friend of his enlisted in the war, not knowing what hardships to expect.

Oh yes, they had read stories about wars, but of course they thought it would be an adventure.

When Harry and his friend Jack reached the front, their shoes could hardly be called that respectable name; their clothes were dusty and they were hungry. Harry still shudders as he thinks of the first battle. He said that the night was pitch dark except for the flashes of the cannons and rifles, — the bullets whizzed by on all sides of them, and the men fell by the dozen, but Harry and Jack fought on despite boyish fear in their hearts. They moved closer together and each tried to encourage the other. Then the inevitable happened; Jack fell with a cry of pain! Harry, on seeing his friend fall, dropped his rifle and forgot his danger. He knelt by Jack, calling his name over and over, but received only a moan in reply. His eyes grew misty as his friend said,

"Harry, have courage, and — and tell mother good-by for m-me. May God send y-you back home. 'By, Pal." He sobbed and passed away. Harry stayed a long time near his friend after that, unashamed of his tears. Finally, he took Jack's body and carried it to the underground trench.

Harry then went back and fought with renewed courage and determination. He fought like a wild man, not thinking of himself, exposing himself many a time, but miraculously escaping. He crossed through the enemy lines, and was shot several times, but he recovered.

He also tells many horrible stories about the

dreaded barbed wire, where he has seen many die and many become seriously wounded. He was held as a war prisoner and almost starved to death. He isn't the only one who shudders at the thought of war. If you could only hear him relate some of the horrors of war; how they went hungry for weeks at a time, with their clothes in tatters and their faces caked with mud, you surely would have a high opinion of such men. I often hear my father and uncle tell many such stories, and they positively make me shudder.

We ought to be very thankful that the United States pays no real attention to the European disputes of today, but tries to evade them. She has always aimed to remain at peace with all the nations at war, instead of trying to provoke war as some other nations have done. We have much to be thankful for in this great country of curs.

WOBURN PUBLIC LIBRARY

Evelyn Fowle, '40

Woburn's library is the pride of our city. It not only has a fine supply of books but is also very attractive with its fine lawn, well constructed building, and statue of Count Rumford. It was given to the city by Jonathan Bowers Winn and has been opened to the public for fifty-six years.

Our library contains a large reading room with fourteen alcoves, which have vast numbers of books in them, treating varied subjects, and a children's room, which was previously used for a museum. Throughout the rooms are numerous paintings and objects of art.

On the third floor is an old fashioned kitchen, also a complete labelled collection of birds, stones, fossils, and herbs given to the library by John Cummings. An old weaving loom, used by women and girls, the first knitted stocking, spoons, and the drum played by one of the figures in the "Spirit of '76." There is a fine collection of old bills and documents, firebuckets of which every family at least had four.

On the second floor, is a room given over for military objects. In it is a machine gun, flags, swords, and medals owned by some of our former citizens of Woburn.

We should appreciate our library to the extent that we care for books, not destroy them. By doing this, the books would last longer, and we would have more which would be beneficial to us. Just stop and think what we would do without libraries.

DURING THE FIRST DAYS



PHOOEY! AND ONE MORE PERIOD
TO GO — WHAT AM I A BEAST OF BURDEN?

Library Notes

OUR HARLOW LIBRARY

Pauline McLaughlin, '38

We, the pupils of Woburn High School, are fortunate in having a wonderful library at our disposal. We are greatly indebted to the late Dr. John Harlow and to the city for its existence and for its excellent collection of books. Very few schools possess libraries, and if they do, they usually contain only reference and encyclopedic volumes. The Harlow Library is considered one of the outstanding scholastic libraries in Massachusetts. We can assume its superiority because it contains not only essential reference books, but recreational books as well. There is a huge collection, which contains some duplicate copies; therefore, we may enjoy the best literature here in school instead of going to the public library.

Even though we are so fortunate in our library, there are many pupils who lack either appreciation for or interest in it and never use it; and there are also some who employ its advantages unfairly by destroying books or by returning them days overdue.

Regard the books as you would your own property and do not deface them. Cooperate with the librarian by doing the right thing. Invest in your share of privileges today. Become acquainted with a fascinating room of delightful books by visiting the library frequently!

POETRY FOR HIGH SCHOOL READERS

Elizabeth Callahan, '38

Crane: The Janitor's Boy
 Teasdale: Rainbow Gold
 Daly: McAroni Ballads
 Drummmond: Poetical Works
 Fish: The Boy's Book of Verse
 Frost: A Boy's Will
 Frost: North of Boston
 Guest: A Heap o' Livin'
 Kipling: Departmental Ditties and Barrack Room Ballads
 Lowell: East Wind
 Masfield: Salt Water Poems and Ballads
 Riley: Farm Rhymes
 Service: Rhymes of a Red Cross Man
 Wells: A Nonsense Anthology
 Untermyer: This Singing World

SCHOLASTIC

Edith Hutchinson, '38

The "Scholastic" is one of the magazines in the school library written especially for High School students, being called "The American High School Weekly." This magazine contains stories by well-known authors, current events in our own country and in foreign countries, book reviews, and countless other popular subjects, all written from the viewpoint of the High School boy or girl. A poetry corner is also included, as well as Film News, Sport News, and Laughs of the Week. The current number of the magazine may be read in the library, and all previous numbers taken out overnight.



INTERESTING BOOKS

Edna Hutchinson, '38

Are you interested in "westerns"? Your library has many books about the West. The fact that these books are not books of fiction should not make them less interesting, for the adventures related in them are true and not imaginary. The following books about the West may be found in the school library:

Adams: Log of a Cowboy
Cody: Buffalo Bill
Davis: The West From a Car Window
Dunbar: Lyrics of a Lowly Life
North: Down the Colorado
Parkman: The Oregon Trail
Russell: Good Medicine
Twain: Roughing It

BIOGRAPHIES

Elizabeth Banwell, '38

Do you enjoy reading a good book? The answer to this question would be "yes" from the majority of people in our school. But if you were to ask them what type of book they prefer, once again the answer of the majority would be, "I like fiction best of all". Why? Is it because they think that non-fiction is to be used only for reference work or book reports. Let us discard such ridiculous ideas at once.

"Crowded Hours" by Alice Roosevelt Longworth is a biography just as absorbing as any book of fiction. This is the story of her life, telling of the exciting and thrilling experiences she had as the daughter of a President and as the wife of a Speaker of the House. It is quite interesting to learn something about the social and political life in Washington during the ten years when Mrs. Longworth was one of Washington's leading figures.

Quite different yet even more interesting is "A Daughter of the Samurai" written by Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto. This is the story of Mrs. Sugimoto's exciting life as a girl in Japan and later in America, where she learns many new and strange customs. The story of her life is as absorbing as any book of fiction and has the added charm of being true.

Both these books as well as many others just as interesting can be found among the biographies in the Harlow Library.

MAGAZINES

Ann Little, '38

Did you know that among the magazines in the school library there are five of special interest to High School students, namely The Literary Digest, Current History, Nature, and National Geographic?

The Literary Digest recently combined with the Review of Reviews, contains accounts of National and Foreign affairs, Science, Medicine, Motion Pictures and Sports. The pictures used to illustrate, add greatly to the interest of the article.

Current History is a monthly magazine telling about historical events in the world, Law, Science, Travel, and many other subjects of vital interest.

The National Geographic needs no introduction, for its interesting articles and excellent pictures have made it popular with people of all ages all over the world.

The Nature magazine is of special interest to those interested in nature and science, containing many pictures and descriptions.

Current numbers of these magazines may be taken out overnight, while previous numbers may be borrowed for a week.

WHY SOME FAIL TO USE THE LIBRARY

Phyllis Canada, '38

Why do some pupils in our school fail to make use of our school library. Is it because they do not think they do not understand the routine? If so, that can be very easily explained. Find a book in the library which you wish to read, take it to the desk and have your name and home room number recorded on the book card. Here are two respects in which this library differs from a public library: (1) you do not have to take a card out registered under your name; (2) a book may be kept out only seven days although it is usually possible to renew it.

It may interest you to know that there are many up-to-date reference books in our library containing information on subjects you may wish to know more about. Often you may be obliged to look for material to help you in your studies. Use the library facilities and you will find an improvement in your school work.

Perhaps there are some who think the library contains only reference books. If you visit the library you will find on the fiction shelves the books of Alcott, Austen, Bronte, Dickens, Cather, Cooper, Davis, Galsworthy, Kipling, Scott, Roberts, Stevenson, and many others. Make use of your library and some day you may be able to say, "My early and invincible love of reading . . . I would not exchange for the treasures of India!"

STARS

Betty Morrissey, '39

Little stars up in the sky
Flickering and drifting by
Like a candle, soft and low
Tipped with everlasting glow.

Countless flames against the blue
Sparkle in their pattern true,
Though mighty empires fall and fade,
Unchanged the little stars God made.

Poetry Corner

THE BEST THAT LIFE CAN GIVE

Alphonse Briand, '38

For all our selfish pleasure, someone must always
pay,
As blinded with our own conceit we pass along life's
way,
Grasping for wealth and pleasures, avoiding the work
and strife,
Taking and never giving, yet we think that we know
life.

Oh! that we could only see, as we go our selfish way,
Smugly satisfied we are right; why think of a future
day?

Let someone else bear the burden. Why worry?
You only grow old.

While you are young have your pleasures, take all
from life you can hold.

But have you gotten the best from life, the best that
life can give?

Only those who have known the toil and tears are the
ones who really live.

The unselfish who give their all to life, who have
known both joy and pain

Are the ones who gave all they had to give and have
gained more back again.

We get from life just what we give; that only, do we
receive,

And things we give unselfishly, are the only things
we leave.

Our thought of others, the kindness we bear our
neighbor should live and yet still live

Then have we gained all there is to gain, and the best
that life can give.

HAVE YOU EVER?

T. Warren, '38

Have you ever felt discouraged and blue,
And everything has lost its color and hue?
Have you ever felt that everything's lost,
And that you have paid enough of the cost?
Jump at the chance to fall on your knees,
And let the Lord cover your needs;
You will find comfort and hope all anew,
Just to think that He cares for you.

HAUNTED

Dorothy Folsom, '38

Hark, the sound of running footsteps,
A peal of laughter, loud and shrill!
Look, an eerie, deathlike spectre
Peering o'er my window-sill!

A sudden knock on my front door,
I hasten to obey its call,
I rub my eyes, and look again,
But there is no one there at all.

What's that grinning yellow face?
It stares at me with eyes of green.
Am I mad or am I dreaming?
Now I remember — it's Hallowe'en!

AUTUMN

Teddy Pappas, '40

Winds are whistling, leaves are falling,
Autumn's here — we hear it calling;
No more broiling, scorching days,
No more blis't'ring, searing rays;
We're all glad those days are past.
And that Autumn's here at last.

MOTHER

Thomas Spooner, '38

Her face was as fair as heaven above,
Her hair was as white as the breast of a dove,
Her eyes were as bright as a sparkling sea,
She was truly an angel; she was Mother to me.

Her slow stiff fingers, trembling with time,
Had surely fulfilled their task sublime.
She has raised a son and made him to be
As kind, and brave, and gentle as she.

So when at last my steps shall wend
Toward the gate of heaven and journey's end,
I shall think of my Mother, who is under His care,
And with heart full of joy, I'll meet her There.

STUDY

Freda Allen, '39

I study hard and long each night
To learn my lessons for next day.
I memorize with all my might;
But —

I forget them anyway!

MY DREAM

Bernardine Duffy, '40

I never rode a pony,
I never roped a steer,
But I can see those Western plains
Where the air is blue and clear.

The horses gallop and the cattle graze,
The dusk is setting in.
They're rounding up the herd tonight;
Will the rustlers be able to win?

The West is large, adventurous, and full;
The fires are burning low;
Cowboys sing and yodel high,
Riding in the circle's glow.

I smell the sage, the grass, the trees,
But then — the picture fades.
I am back again in the old school room.
And the dream I must evade.

PALM TREES

Mary Porter, '40

Their lithsome swaying in the breeze
Is outlined by the deep blue seas;

The spotlight is the moon's clear light:
The curtain is the dark of night.

The dawn will bring a wondrous scene
Of supple palm trees decked in green;

The branches swaying to and fro
With sandy beaches stretched below.

Forget about the gentle breeze,
The lovely, lithsome, swaying trees;
And think of all the long, cold nights
Spent beneath the Northern Lights.

The northern dawn is sparkling white,
No sandy beaches in your sight,
Nor branches swaying to and fro,
But dog-sleds gliding o'er the snow.

FALL

Robert Batten, '40

November days are here again,
And swallow, robin, bluebird, and wren
Have left to enjoy the sunny South,
While trees, for a while, have stopped their growth.

We begin to think of Winter's days,
Of skis and skates, of sleds and sleighs;
We think of the treats that are in store
When Thanksgiving and Christmas are here once
more.

Gone is the Summer's fragrant morn,
And in its place is a frosty dawn.
Then, as the Summer leaves turn brown,
The first white snowflakes settle down.

RIISING TO FAME IN A FOOTBALL GAME

Joseph C. Figucia, '38

The sky was clear, the weather cold,
The stadium packed, each seat was sold,

A football game was being played,
And not a touchdown had been made.

The score was tied at nothing all,
While Woburn High School had the ball.

The cheering squad was in a scream,
To help along the football team.

On went the game, still no score.
This made the coach get very sore.

Two minutes left in this great game;
To lose it now would be a shame.

The coach got up; he looked around,
And on the bench, Figucia found.

"Get in there, Joe, and do your stuff,
And don't forget, get plenty rough."

With determination, Joe went in
To help his team-mates score and win.

He took the ball, and hit the line,
But found them holding very fine.

It was Carey's turn to take the ball;
He made a gain, but 'twas very small.

Ten seconds left; just one more try;
Joe took the ball, to do or die.

To the forty, the thirty, the twenty, the ten,
To the goal-line! A touchdown! He's done it again.

The referee closely followed, and Joe heard him say,
"It's a touchdown, you've won the game, but you
ran the wrong way!"

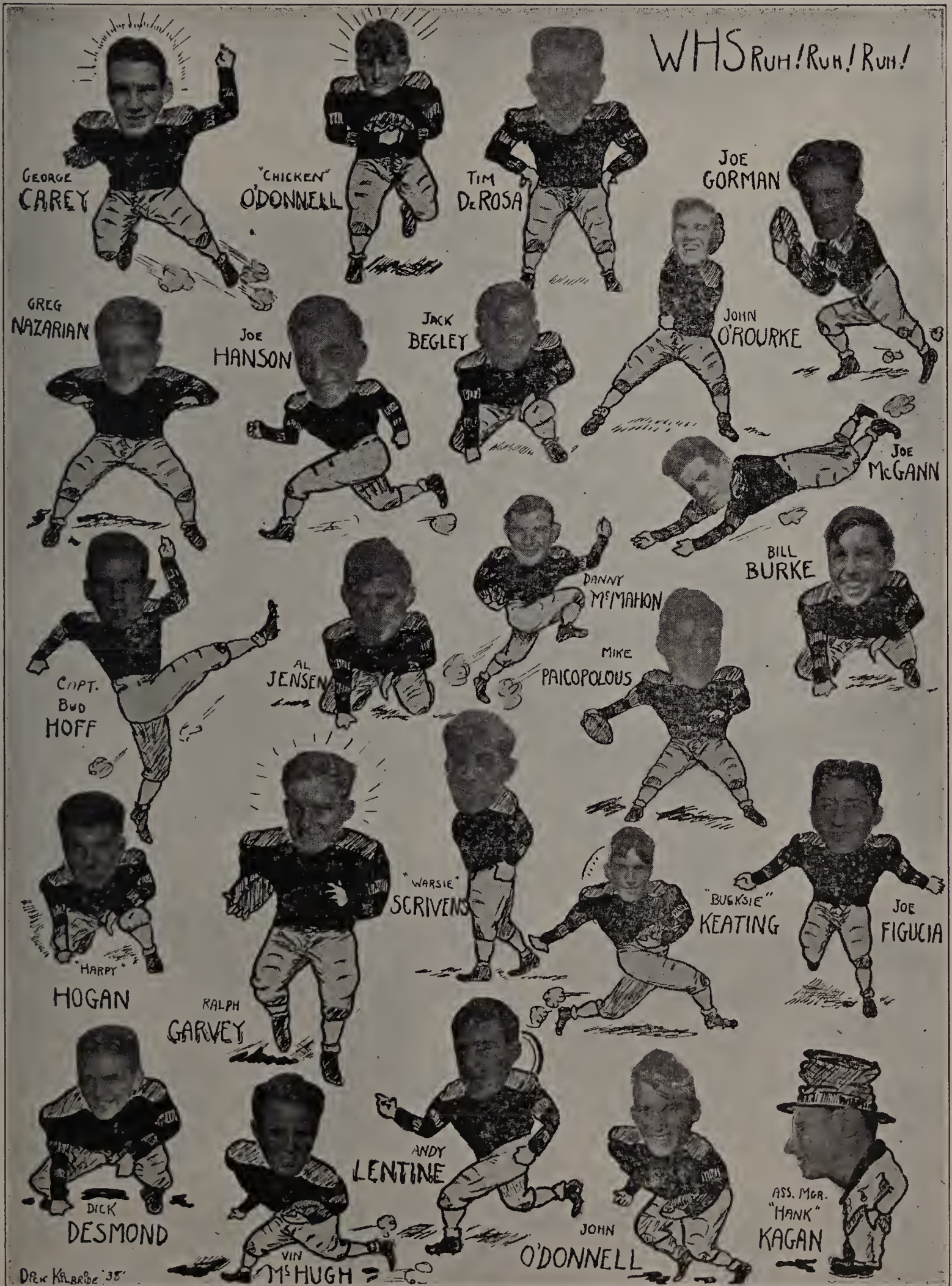
A SHOWER

Shirley Johnson, '39

The sky hangs dark and cloudy;
The earth is in a shroud
Like a woman, poor and dowdy,
But even in poverty proud.

The rain comes tumbling from the sky
Drenching the world below;
We keep in shelter, you and I,
While the storm winds blow.

Now look, the clouds are breaking,
The earth is jewel bright;
I guess the rain is making
Us appreciate the light.



❖ SCHOOL ACTIVITIES ❖

ASSEMBLIES

On October 20 the General Motors Corporation presented to the Senior High School an interesting scientific program called the Previews of Progress. Just as its name implies, it was a preview of the wonders of science to come.

Among the most interesting things shown were man-made lightning, a million volts of electricity—which caused Neon lights to glow in tubes held by the lecturer; also an optical illusion produced by the stroboscope which seemed to stop motion by light; chemiluminescence, or cold light, was produced before our eyes merely by the mixing of certain liquids.

These phenomena are only a few of the many interesting previews which held our undivided attention through one of the most enjoyable assemblies we have ever had.

* * * * *

On November 5 it was our good fortune to be presented with another very interesting scientific assembly under the direction of Mr. Elliot James. The program was entirely on the subject of liquid air, and Mr. James showed us many interesting experiments.

Among the most enjoyable were the propelling of a model air plane by liquid air, making a hammer of mercury by freezing it with liquid air, and by the use of liquid air, freezing a rubber ball which became so hard that it broke when dropped on the floor.

These are only a few of the experiments performed which were enjoyed by the entire school.

* * * * *

On November 10 the pupils of the Senior High presented an Armistice Day assembly. The program was as follows:

"Spirit of St. Louis".....Herfurth
Woburn High School Band

Flag Salute

Entire Assembly

"Our Soldier Dead" Kohn
Claire L. Casey

"Armistice" Going
Richard D. Kilbride

"Manhattan March" Felker
Woburn High School Band

Duet, "America Forever" Ward
Alma M. Pineau — Peggy E. Kilbride

"In Flanders Fields" McRae
Clara E. Martini

Guest Speakers

Mr. Carl J. Peterson — American Legion

Mr. Maurice J. Carpenter

Disabled American Veterans

"Star Spangled Banner" Smith
Woburn High School Band and Chorus

* * * * *

Each year the Woburn Women's Club gives a year's membership to six senior girls who are outstanding in scholarship. This year the girls are as follows:

Anna Crowley — 91 Winn Street

Rose A. Flowers — 61 Kilby Street

Edna M. Hutchinson — 46 Beach Street

Louise G. Looney — 7 Center Street

Clara J. Martini — 15 Center Street

Helen Mostika — 26 Dartmouth Street







FOOTBALL

The last pass has been thrown, the last kick has been blocked, and the last white line has been crossed. In short, the football season is over. The 1937 team wasn't the best outfit that has represented Woburn, but it wasn't the worst either, so don't you "Monday morning quarter-backs" be too critical. Woburn's schedule was one of the hardest in many a season. Every team was considerably stronger than last year's, and it certainly is heartbreaking to lose both your first string halfbacks in the season's opener.

Bucksie Keating and Mike Paicopolous, at the season's outset were expected to be the spear-head of Woburn's running attack. Keating was forced to the sidelines in the Stoneham game with a fractured ankle, while Paicopolous received like treatment with a broken collar bone.

Football isn't completely out of the picture yet, however. There is the year's football classic, the Rose Bowl game, to be played, as well as the Cotton Bowl, Sugar Bowl, and the many other intersectional post-season games.

Then too, the All-American team is looked forward to by the sport fans. Will it be Frank, Goldberg, Luckman? Nobody knows. This column can't give anyone national recognition in the football world, but here is our selection for the All-Mystic Valley League.

LE—Priestly	Melrose
LT—MacFarland	Winthrop
LG—Haberman	Wakefield
C—Turner	Melrose
RG—Abrams	Winthrop
RT—Ford	Watertown
RE—O'Donnell	Woburn
QB—Kidd	Melrose
LHB—Sheridan	Melrose
RHB—Conroy	Wakefield
FB—Van Da Linda	Winthrop

Remarks

Lou Abrams, Winthrop captain and stellar guard of the Beach City outfit, is one of the best linemen in the circuit.

Ralph Garvey looks like the best prospect on the Woburn club. Though he is only a sophomore, he has been playing regularly since the Stoneham game. Keating, Scrivens, and Begley are the only other members of the team to win letters in their sophomore years.

Incidentally, keep your eye on little "Harpy" Hagan. He is going to be a real football player before he leaves these reverend halls.

The Kidd-Sheridan combination is the trump card of the Melrose eleven. It is very doubtful that the big red team would be where it is without these backfield aces.

"Chicken" O'Donnell gets our vote as the outstanding Woburn player of the year. He can play any position and play it well.

The best schoolboy football player we have seen this fall is Frank Saba, versatile Brockton High full-back. Saba, 178 pound captain of the Shoe City team, is a triple threat. He has a deadly accuracy with his passes, and his line plunging and kicking is a revelation.

We'll end our brief sports resume with this little verse. Please refrain from throwing any fruit.

F o o t b a l l

Straining bodies, clutching hands,
 Brilliant colors, blaring bands,
 Tackle smashes, trick reverses,
 Frenzied cheers, and muttered curses,
 Plunging linemen, shifty backs,
 Kickers tackled in their tracks,
 Running guards, and bullet passes
 Thrill the shouting football masses.
 What is football, did I hear?
 It's a yearly epidemic, dear.

* * * * *

Woburn 18 — Stoneham 0

Woburn opened its schedule on September 25 with a decisive victory over Stoneham. Keating drew first blood in the opening minutes of play, when he captured an enemy pass and race unhindered for a touchdown. The Woburn half-back was assisted from the field shortly after with a fractured ankle, and following him was his running mate, Paicopolous, with a broken collarbone. Carey and Garvey substituted, but it was evident that they lacked the defensive ability of the two injured backfield men.

Winthrop 6 — Woburn 0

On the following Saturday, the Tanners journeyed to Winthrop where they suffered a set-back at the hands of the Beach City boys, in the opening game of the Mystic Valley League. It was purely a defensive game on the part of Woburn, and the locals held the strong Winthrop team well until Van Da Linda's touchdown jaunt early in the third period.

Wakefield 25 — Woburn 7

The Orange and Black dropped its second league game as it was humbled by Wakefield, 25 to 7. Woburn simply couldn't get started, — the pass defense didn't function, and Conroy and Guttadauro were too much for the Woburn lads to handle.

Saugus 13 — Woburn 0

Woburn suffered its third defeat at the hands of unbeaten Saugus. Saugus, an easy team for Woburn last year, was a rejuvenated outfit. Coached by "Buzz" Harvey, former Holy Cross star, the team was expected to beat Woburn, and when the final whistle had blown, the home team lads were on the short end of a 13 to 0 score.

Peabody 20 — Woburn 0

The Woburn-Peabody tilt, scheduled for October 23rd, was rained out, and the following Monday the rival Tanners played. Woburn put up a better fight than the score indicates, but the Peabody team carried too many guns for the locals, and Woburn suffered a 20 to 0 defeat.

Melrose 25 — Woburn 6

On October 30, Melrose, potential state champions and Mystic Valley leaders, came to Woburn and departed richer by three touchdowns. The game was conceded by many before it started and Woburn could do little against Kidd, Sheridan, Priestly, and the others who made up the Melrose powerhouse. The "Red Raiders" were expected to unleash their fine passing attack against Woburn, but they relied principally upon running plays.

Woburn 7 — Watertown 7

On November 6th, Woburn played Watertown for the dubious honor of the cellar of the Mystic Valley League. Neither team would suffer the disgrace of last place, so the game inevitably ended in a draw. Only one more game is left for the Tanners before they engage Winchester in the Turkey Day classic. Winchester has been going great guns all

season, and the south towners are naturally the favorites. The underdog in the Woburn-Winchester series, always rises to play its best game, so don't count the local boys out yet.

Woburn 13 — Lexington 7

After a prolonged losing streak, Woburn broke into the win column for the first time in six starts with a 13 to 7 victory over Lexington. The Lexington touchdown came as the result of an intercepted Woburn pass and a 70 yard touchdown romp. The line play of the Orange and Black was the main factor in the Woburn win. Blocked punts by Nazarian and Figucia were directly responsible for scores, while Hoff and Carey shared the brunt of the ball carrying.

* * * * *

HOCKEY

It might be fitting, since we are right in season, to make a few remarks concerning hockey. Ice hockey, from the standpoint of the school, is a non-existent sport. In the last two years, however, the school has been represented by an unofficial sextet.

Last year's team was undefeated. There are a great many boys who are willing and eager to work for an official team if the sanction of the school could be obtained.

Several players of marked ability were uncovered in last season's games, and there is an abundance of hockey talent, especially in the sophomore class.

With a little support and cooperation, there is no reason why Woburn High could not turn out a team as good as any of the surrounding cities and towns.

* * * * *

CANDID
CAMERA
SHOT
OF
A
SOPH.



PARDON ME, BUT IS THIS WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE?

CROSS COUNTRY

Considering the green material with which Coach John McGovern had to work with, the cross country team had a fairly good season to look back on when the final bell was sounded at Big Six Meet. Captain Henry Pszola and Norman Clayton were the only lettermen left in the ranks when graduation took its toll of last year's brilliant outfit.

The Woburn hill and dalers won four out of seven dual meets, and placed third in the annual league meet held at Beverly this year

Woburn 20 — Stoneham 38

At the opening meet against Stoneham, Pszola, Woburn captain, took a commanding lead at the outset of the contest and easily won. Frank Meehan, running his first race for the Woburnites, finished second, with Clayton, Bonesera, and Nelson the other Woburn qualifiers.

Melrose 20 — Woburn 42

Powerful Melrose handed Woburn its first defeat of the year by a decisive 20 to 42 defeat. Pszola broke the course record, as he led both friend and foe alike to the tape, but other than that, the race was emphatically Melrose.

Woburn 19 — Stoneham 40

Pszola, Meehan, and Nelson finished 1, 2, 3, as Woburn crushed Stoneham for a second time. Pszola has shaped up as one of the best harriers in this section, and the local leader continued to hold his supremacy over all and sundry.

Woburn 20 — Reading 49

Sensational Dick Cleveland, Reading's ace runner, handed Pszola his first defeat as he led him to the tape over the Reading course. The lone Reading victory was not enough to offset the other consistent Woburnites, and the final count was Woburn 20, Reading 49.

Beverly 24 — Woburn 31

Beverly proved too strong for the locals and ran away with a 24 to 31 verdict. Pszola reached his early season form and led Clark over the finish line. Meehan, McCafferty, Nelson, and Clayton backed up the Woburn captain in the unsuccessful attempt at Victory.

Winchester 22 — Woburn 38

A well-balanced Winchester team journeyed to Woburn and nipped the Orange and Black for the first time. Winchester also eked out Woburn 27-28 in a second team tilt.

Woburn 20 — Wakefield 38

A year ago, a Wakefield-Woburn meet would have aroused a great deal of local interest, for a Jimmy McCafferty-Johnny Curly duel for individual honors, would attract great attention.

Both teams were minus their famous captains of a year ago, but Wakefield fell before the Woburn axe, and the final tabulation showed Woburn on top

Five Cornered Meet

At Beverly, the annual five-cornered meet was held to decide the supremacy of the Middlesex League. Melrose were favorites and they did not dissappoint. Pszola finished third and so did Woburn, with Beverly in second place.

Two days later at a meeting of the team, Frank Meehan, brilliant first year runner, was elected to captain next year's squad.

* * * * *

BASEBALL

In hopes of building a strong ball club for the 1938 season, Faculty Manager Leo McKinnon, and coach Bart McDonough placed a team made up of next year's candidates, in Division B of the Municipal League. The team was called the Scholastics and was made up of Charles Duffy, Eino Koski, Bill McGovern, Bill Burke, Tim De Rosa, Bob Bradley, "Shift-Shaft" Callahan, Danny McMahon, Tom Higgins, Walter Canney, Charles Bemis, Dick Daw, Edward Sweeney, Harry Crovo, Leland Hamilton, and Dick Dickson.

The team finished in third place in the league with eleven wins and seven losses. After losing their first three games, the Scholastics made a complete turn about and forged to the leadership of the League with eight straight victories. "Chick" Duffy was the big factor in the Scholastics rise. The ace pitcher of the schoolboys was without doubt, the standout twirler of the division, while Dick Daw, left-handed moundsman, gave him every assistance.

Riding on the crest of their victory surge, the Scholastics engaged the Consolidated Chemical team in a very crucial game. Duffy was struck on the wrist by a fast ball thrown by Lavacchia, Chemical twirler. From then on the Scholastics slumped. "Chick" could not regain his mid-season control, and the schoolboys failed to reach the play offs.

Eino Koski was the heavy hitting member of the Scholastics, while Bob Bradley was the classiest fielder. Walter Canney was the only freshman capable of winning a regular berth, and he played short stop from beginning to end.

The practice that the High School team gained in the Municipal League will undoubtedly be of great help to them when the 1938 season rolls around.

* * * * *

GIRLS IN SPORTS

Badminton and Paddle Tennis

On October 27, a meeting was called by Miss Feeney for all Seniors who cared to participate in badminton. It is a new game installed for girls. Many Seniors and some under-classmen turned out for the first practice. Teams are being formed with keen competition.

Again on November 3, Miss Feeney called a practice for the Juniors. As usual, some other class

members went down for the practice. We hope to form some good teams.

At these same practices, paddle tennis and tennis serving was tried by many of the girls.

Let's turn out for practice, girls, and see who our badminton and paddle tennis rivals and champs are.

* * * * *

Girls' Baseball

Because of an early edition of the Reflector last year we were unable to print the final results of girls' baseball games.

There were teams consisting of members of each class. All teams had to fight very hard as competition was keen. There were the Salutorians, captained by Nellie Cappozola and consisting of our 1936 Alumnae, who thought themselves extraordinary until they were faced by the mighty Juniors. The combat between these players in this strenuous melee was exciting, thrilling, and interesting; but in the end our now sophisticated Seniors were the victorious players. The Juniors consisted of the following pupils:

Barbara Porter, captain; Clara Martini, Louise Looney, Bernardine Quigley, Peggy O'Neill, Blanche Wetherbee, Gilda Manie, Antoinette Nardelli, Adeline Manie.

Marion Gardaleen, Grace Paulding, subs.

These athletically inclined girls are expected to participate in sports this year and also top the list.

* * * * *

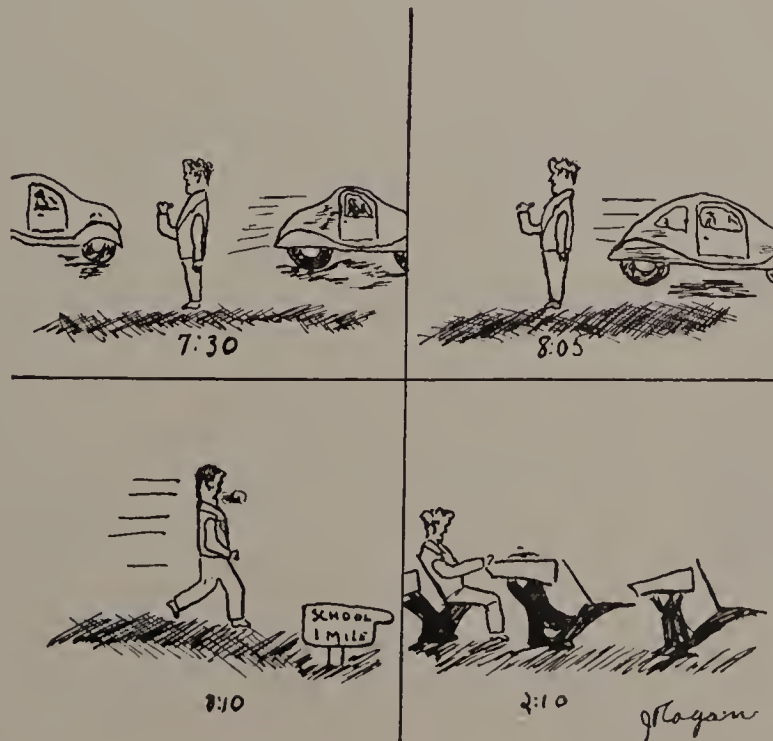
Cheer Leaders

Woburn High School is warming up to another athletic season. At present, interest is rather cool but grant it time.

Our football team seems to have blown off too much steam in the first game with the result that we have had a rather hard time in the last few games, but we know our team will make a comeback. All we ask of them is to beat our rival team and all will be forgiven. It is not the beginning that counts it is the finishing.

The cheer leaders are giving a good imitation of a bomb shell for which we are very grateful.

We have Mary Reddy, our very able and energetic captain, who manages to keep her eyes on the game as well as George; Kay Aylward, an attractive blonde who certainly knows how to talk to the mighty eleven; Norma Haggerty, who cheers for the opposing team, — something which we seldom hear of; Claire Casey, our little orator who seems to favor Cambridge or is it Melrose now Claire? Bernardine J. Quigley whose one interest in football has decreased since the right half-back was rendered hors de combat in Stoneham game; Rita Foley, who is usually interested in the opposing team, Droopy should be playing instead of cheering; Pat Dolan, who thinks more of trucking than cheering, perhaps this is her reason for always being late. Last but not least we have our two good assistants Charlie and Howard whose enthusiasm helps the game, but not as yet led us to many victories.





Charles
Mc HUGH



RITA FOLEY



Howard
Cain

Cheer



Bernadine
Quigley



Mary Reddy

Leaders



Claire
Casey



John
Callahan



Class Notes



Popular Songs Relating to School

"That Old Feeling" Pink cards passed out.
 "All God's Children Got Rhythm" Music Class.
 "Satan Takes a Holiday" Skipping school.
 "I Know All" I flunked the histosy exam.
 "At the Cafe Continental" Woburn High Cafeteria
 "Stopping at the Savoy" After the dance.
 "Harbor Lights" Horn Pond.
 "The Moon Got in My Eyes" Excuse for bad report card.

* * * * *

Teacher: "Who will explain Feudalism?"

Pupil in front seat raising his hand with much vigor.

Teacher: "Yes, you may answer it."

Pupil: "May I sharpen my pencil?"

* * * * *

Teacher: "What is a puncture?"

Pupil: "A puncture is a little hole that you find
 in your tire when you are miles from a garage."

* * * * *

From a History test:

"A heresy is something left to you by your ancestors."

* * * * *

Teacher: "What people live in the mountains?"

Pupil: "Hillbillies."

* * * * *

Teacher: "James, what period do you like best?"

James: "Recess."

* * * * *

Jchn: "Daddy will you buy me an encyclopaedia for
 school?"

Daddy: "Encyclopaedia nothing, when I was your
 age I had to walk to school."

* * * * *

Song Titles

"So Rare" — An "A"

"Alibi Baby" — Trying to get out of a 3:10

"I'm Having a Wonderful Time" — A holiday

"I Know Now" — After peeking during a test

"You Can't Stop Me from Dreaming" — Of getting all
 A's

"Break the News to Mother" — I flunked

"Gocdy-Goody" — All "A's"

* * * * *

Teacher: "What is a bedroom suite?"

Pupil: "A bedroom suite is candy you take to bed
 with you."

1B-2

We are the class of 1 B 2.

Give us some home work and see what we'll do.

We're friendly and happy,

As each class should be;

But our class is all girls.

That's the reason, you see.

Prudence and Rose

Top the head of our group;

While Doris and Ethel just don't give a whoop.

Marion Snow will ask questions —

Much to the teachers' dismay;

While Eleanor Costello is quiet yet gay.

Cleo and Ruth make a very good pair.

Give Hazel Horn a chance and she'll take every dare.

Two sisters are Betty and Marguerite

While Rachel and Barbara just can't be beat.

'thelma and Peggy stick together

With Gracie and Joan

In all kinds of weather.

Rita White is our pet

Though I don't know why;

And without our three Marys

We'd never get by.

We have fat girls, thin girls, tall and small.

And we love laughs and jokes, one and all.

* * * * *

I'm in business.

What kind of business?

Learning business.

How is business?

Terribly slow.

* * * * *

Father: "Son, I've been sending you to school to
 learn something, and what do I get?"

Son (a football player): "A quarter back."

* * * * *

111B-1

Smartest Girl—Mary Porter

Smartest Boy—Daniel Kelley

Most Talkative—Lillian Goodsell

Best Writer—Rita Alcaez

Smallest Girl—Astrene Papastaplie

Smallest Boy—Donald Nett

Prettiest Girl—Louise Schelzo

Class Poet—Rita Alcaez

A pupil was asked to paraphrase the sentence, "He was bent upon seeing her."

He wrote: "The sight of her doubled him up."

* * * * *

Harold: "Dick, did you know that dog you gave me was a baseball dog?"

Dick: "How's that?"

Harold: "Well, he catches flies, chases fowls, and runs when he sees the catcher."

* * * * *

Doctor: "That check you gave me came back."

Patient: "Isn't that funny; so did my rheumatism."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Tommy, give me a sentence with fascinate in it."

Tommy: "There was a fat man with ten buttons on his vest, but he could only fasten eight."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Johnny, is pants singular or plural?"

Johnny: "Well, er — singular on the top and plural on the bottom."

* * * * *

He: "Believe me, they roar when I do my act on the stage."

She: "Oh, are you a comedian?"

He: "No, a lion tamer."

* * * * *

A teacher was correcting a boy who had said, "I ain't going."

"That's no way to talk, listen; I am not going; you are not going; they are not going; now do you get the idea?"

"Yes, ma'am, they ain't nobody going."

* * * * *

"I have heard," said the professor, "that Babylon fell, and Minerveh was destroyed, and—"

Someone in the Class: "Tyre was punctured."

* * * * *

After the Senior Dance was over, Ida asked John if he had enjoyed himself? "No," he replied, "the floor was too slippery and I couldn't wear my spiked golf shoes."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Name a story which Longfellow wrote."

1st Pupil: "The Village Blacksmith."

2nd Pupil: "Phyllis who?"

* * * * *

Class 111B-1

Rita Alcared and Ethel Mentos—Prettiest girls

Lea Brown and Camillia Boscas—Always together

Demitrius Pernokas—Without a smile

Donald and Robert—Smartest boys

Esther Goldman and Ruth O'Donnell—Quietest girls

* * * * *

While my brother was sitting on the steps one day, a truck full of watermellons went by.

"Wowie! Sis," cried he, "look at the big cucumbers."

Why does Sweeney always want to sit in the front seat?

* * * * *

In a small town in Nebraska, a merchant bought from a farmer a head of cabbage and a bunch of carrots. A few days later the merchant returned the carrots to the farmer with the comment: "These weren't so good although I did win first prize at the country fair with that head of cabbage."

* * * * *

Why is Hutchie sitting in the back seat at the time of tests?

* * * * *

Heard in the History class:

Teacher: "What is a Utopia?"

Pupil: "A place where everything is perfect."

Teacher: "Name a place where everything is a perfect Utopia (meaning Heaven)."

Pupil: "The Hawaiian Islands."

* * * * *

Fortune and Misfortune

Student (to beggar at the door): "Has not Fortune ever knocked at your door?"

Beggar: "No, but his sister has."

Student: "His sister?"

Beggar: "Sure, Misfortune."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Name a great time-saver."

Sophomore: "Love at first sight."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Do you know what happens to little boys that tell lies?"

Johnny: "Yes, teacher, they travel for half-fare."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Lillian, give me the French form for I am going."

Lillian: "I'm gone."

* * * * *

Eddie: "Say, I just had the first dance with Sally."

Jerry: "Yeah, and by the looks of her now, you have had your last."

* * * * *

Teacher: "What's the matter Phinney, is the school too much for you?"

Phinney: "No, I'm too much for the School."

* * * * *

P. Kilbride: "Gee, Kilbride, Kilbride, Kilbride, I wish they would change my name."

Teacher: "All right, from now on your name stands as Miss Kilgroom."

* * * * *

What would happen if?

D. N. ever forgot his homework?

E. B. ever did his home work?

H. L. P. ever stopped laughing and was serious?

M. P.'s name was pronounced right?

R. A. ever forgot to get an "A"?

The Future of IG-2

Bud Hoff—All American fullback
 Chick Duffy—With the "Yanks"
 Ed. Doherty—Leading in the field in the western golf
 Dexter Knox—Shotputting to fame
 Charles McLaughlin—Still caddying at the Woburn Country Club
 Henry Pszola—Runnig to fame
 Joe Gorman—Coaching
 Eno Koski—A boxer
 Stephen Kreatsculis—Coming back to a P. G.
 Donald McIntire—A doctor
 Paul Callahan—Still getting the girls
 Walter Patterson—Running in a Marathon
 Gordon Hubbard—A comedian

The Mustard Kid

R. C. of IIC1 eats so much mustard on his hot-dog that you cannot see any hot-dog beneath the thick layer of mustard.

* * * * *

Teacher: "What is the present perfect tense?"

Pupil: "An action done perfectly in the present time."

* * * * *

Sister: "Gee! I'm going to get my graduation ring soon."

Little Brother: "Did you send away to Tom Mix for it?"

* * * * *

Boy late for class:

Mr. Walker: "Have you a slip?"

Boy: "No Sir, a kid grabbed my book and ran with it; so I had to chase him and get it."

Mr. Walker: "Are you a sophomore?"

Boy: "Yes."

Mr. Walker: "Excused."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Mary, give me a sentence with the word mad in it."

Mary: "My brother was mad at me yesterday."

Teacher: "You don't mean mad, Mary."

Mary: "Yes, I do. He kept me running around the room like a maniac."

* * * * *

Teacher: "N. B., name a flower beginning with the letter 'A'."

Bright Pupil: "Amethyst."

* * * * *

Pupil: "Teacher, will you punish me for not doing anything at all?"

Teacher: "Why of course not. Why?"

Pupil: "Because I didn't do any home work."

She (doing a crossword puzzle): "Give me the name of an automobile that starts with a 'T'."

He (bored): "Don't be silly, dear, the all start with gasoline."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Give me two pronouns, Lawrence."

Lawrence: "Who, me?"

Teacher: "Correct."

* * * * *

What made the President of Room 25 so nervous at the first home room period?

* * * * *

Isn't it wonderful the way H. Dow respects a certain traffic officer?

* * * * *

There is a competition between D. R., P. K., and M. G. to see who has the most freckles.

* * * * *

IIB pupils will all be gray by the time the first term is completed.

* * * * *

Why does A. Pineau like physiology so much?

* * * * *

We hear that R. W. went home without a 1:30 one day. Imagine that.

* * * * *

Charles McLaughlin looking at a picture of a ship in the library, "I wish the wind would stop blowing so that ship could come home."

* * * * *

Who is D. L. in conversation with between periods?

Why is C. F. kept in his home room?

* * * * *

IIG

J. C. are the two smallest in the class of IIG. Is this why they get together so often?

Who holds the record of IIG for the most 1:30's?

The star of IIG is "Si".

Who is the boy in IIG that they call the GOOD Dickey?

Who is the class chum of IIG?

Class jeep of IIG is Stanley Johnson.

Who is Ozzie's Dream girl?

Certain boys of IIG object to being called "my chum"

One of the boys in IIG walks around with a match in his mouth; someday the match is going to go off.

* * * * *

Teacher: "Well, John, what section do you belong in?"

Jehn: "If you don't know then I'm sure I don't."

* * * * *

Charlie was dreaming of his girl friend in school.

The teacher said to him: "How would you address me if you met me?"

Charley answered, "Darling."

The 8 Wonders of IB4 Class

T. Higgins
H. Cain
A. McLean
M. Popolaski
R. Schelzi
R. Shaughnessey
H. Spencer
J. Figucia

N. B. The section consists of 23 girls — and 8 boys.

* * * * *

One evening Freddy was sitting in a corner with his eyes closed. "Freddy, what are you looking at?" asked his father.

"Nothing, daddy," he answered.

"Don't be silly Freddy, you can't see nothing," replied his father.

"Oh, yes you can, daddy; close your eyes and you'll see it."

* * * * *

Seeing for the first time a dog that had just a stub of a tail, little Bobby cried to his father, "Look, Daddy!! His tail fell off."

* * * * *

John: "I understand you planted a can of peaches, Ralph. What came up?"

Ralph: "Aunt Minnie with a rolling pin."

* * * * *

Two boys were leaving the school building when one cried in amazement, "It has been raining cats and dogs?"

"Why that's silly," said his companion, "How could it rain cats and dogs?"

"Well, can't you see the poodles all over the ground?" was the prompt answer.

* * * * *

Teacher: "Now, William, read the most important sentence on that page."

William: "I love you."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Why aren't you getting ahead, John?"

John: "Everytime I get one, you knock it off."

* * * * *

There were only two minutes left to dress and leave the gym when the following conversation was heard: "Hey! Avis," Jean called out, "are you dressed yet?"

"No," answered Avis, "but I'm telling you I'll be a 'snappy dresser' when I get through."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Why are you late for school?"

Pupil: "There is a sign down the street and . . ."

Teacher: "What has that got to do with it?"

Pupil: "It said, 'School ahead, go slow'."

* * * * *

Teacher: "John, how many ribs have you?"

John: "I don't know, I am so ticklish I never could count them."

Little Larry was not behaving well and had about exhausted his mother's patience. "Larry," she said, "if you don't behave, I'll spank you right here on the street."

The little fellow looked up and said: "But mother, where would I sit?"

* * * * *

John: "The horn on your car must be broken?"

Al: "No, it's just indifferent."

John: "Indifferent! What do you mean?"

Al: "It just doesn't give a hoot."

* * * * *

"I had a beard like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look, I cut it off, b'gosh."

"Wal, I had a face like yours once, but when I realized I couldn't cut it off, I grew a beard, by heck."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Now, John, I'll have to see your father about your work, it's way behind."

John: "You'd better not because he's a doctor and charges three dollars a visit."

IIC1

We're quite a section, yes we are,
Full of pep —rah! rah! rah!
But we're subdued in many ways,
We listen to lectures every day.

Yet we have fun just the same,
Maybe you'd like to know our names.
There are Joan and Jean and Hazel, too.
Betty, Kay and Ruth.

Oh boys here are a few,
And it's quite true,
They are the nicest lads,
Even if their Latin's bad.

There's Joe and James and Frank,
And are they full of pranks!
Then there's Francis, Dave and Dicky
Who are always very tricky.

Oh well, there many more,
Too numerous to mention,
But at least I've called attention
To the class of IIC1.

WANTED

Wanted: A football scholar who:
Can Kickoff to her teacher an "A" in Physics
Can rush a "C" in French to a "B".
Can intercept an overflow of "D's" in the Latin tests.
Can tackle a Geometry original on her own 35-yard line.
Can block the outside world from her mind while doing homework.
Can run a touchdown to victory by getting all "A's" on her report card.



Alumni News



"Let's go for a drive this afternoon, Lillian, and call on some of last year's graduates. Perhaps we can find out what some of them are doing, and then we shall be able to tell the others, at school, all about it."

"Isn't this where Mary Cardinal lives? Doesn't she go to Salem Normal?"

"Hello, Mary. We are out calling this afternoon and doing a little checking on last year's graduates. Can you tell us about any of them?"

"Well, let's see, Marion McLaughlin goes to Framingham Normal, Alta Young is attending the Y. W. Domestic Art School, and Betty Cavicci is at Simmons College."

"We hadn't heard. How grand! And what are Doris Ethier and Betty Hurd doing now?"

"Oh, they are at Lowell Normal."

"Well, this is fine. How do you like Salem Normal?"

"Very much, thank you."

"Great! We must go now. Thank you for your help. Good-bye."

"Where shall we go next? I heard that Eleanor Outridge is just recovering from an appendicitis operation. Let's go and see her."

"Didn't she work at the Winn Watch Hand factory?"

"Yes. Here we are. You ring the bell."

"How are you Eleanor? We have come to see how you are and to seek information regarding the Class of '37."

"I am coming along fine now, thank you, and I think that I may be able to help you with your inquiries. Louise Murphy and Barbara O'Brien are going to a Dental School, and did you know that Alice Anderson, Ruth Franson, Janice and Lorraine Haggerty are all attending Fay's Commercial School?"

"Is that so? Have you heard from any others?"

"Why, yes. James Cassanos, Howard Nichols and Earl Anderson all attend Northeastern, and Leonard Rae and Henry Scott go to Suffolk Law School together, and Betty Crovo is attending Portia Law School in Boston."

"Oh that has helped us a lot. Thank you so much and our best wishes for a speedy recovery. Good-bye."

"Perhaps, as we are driving through town, we may see some former members of the Woburn High School Senior Class. Many of them work down here."

"Yes, there is William O'Connor standing beside one of the Red Cab Company's cabs. Let's go and speak to him."

"Hello, Bill. Do you drive this now?"

"Yes, and I'm the world's best taxi driver. Any time you want a ride call for me."

"We surely will. Right now though would you do us a favor and tell us all you know about any of your former classmates who are occupied this year?"

"I'll do my best. Josephine Forrester, Bernice Hart, and Charles Huckins go to Burdett's Business School. Paul Haggerty is, of course, working for his father, at the Times' office. Robert Jones is employed at the White Spot, Betty Cogan at Grant's, Anna McGovern at Collier's Cosmetics store and Peter Cassanos at the Plaza Cafeteria. Besides Kay O'Brien and Henry Murray are at Art's Jewelry Store. There, that accounts for quite a few. Does that help any?"

"Very much, thank you. There is Richard Lynch. What does he know?"

"Oh, I almost forgot him. He works at Gorin's and Fred Martin works at Jones and Brothers Greenhouses and — oh, you don't know do you that Olga Bushnick is happily married and living in Winchester."

"Really? That is news. Ruth Brine is going to Boston to Burroughs Machine School, isn't she?"

"Yes, and Florence Wendell's College is the Atlantic Union in South Lancaster, Mass."

"We have more work to do and it is getting late, so we must go. Thank you heaps, Bill."

"Here comes the train from Boston. See Margaret Hutchinson getting off? She works in Filene's, and Leslie McKittrick and Joseph Donahue are at R. H. White's."

"Where does Edward Comer work?"

"Oh, he's a clerk at International Agricultural Incorporation."

"I am going to see how many I can name. You correct me if I make a misstatement. Thomas Deechan—New England Conservatory of Music, George West—Amherst College, Bill Essigman, Ripley's Tannery, Lloyd Farrell—the Everett Chemical Works, Ruth Erwin—Mass. Gear and Tool Co., Virginia Spencer—Fisher's Business College, George Garrity—Gamester's Garage, Mildred Murphy—Employer's Liability, and Carl Anderson for the Atlantic Gelatine Company. I think that I am stuck. Can you continue?"

"Danny Stokes at the Merrimac Chemical, Henry Strauch at the Reed Ham Works, Connie Coakley at Tom's Market, Thomas Sheeran goes to Boston College. Dorothy Stuart is at Ring's Hospital in Arlington, Helen Nakiewich is housekeeping in Arlington, Edward App is in the City Clerk's office, and Esther Burke is employed as a mother's helper in Winchester."

"All the Francis' of the class are accounted for. Frances Gibson—Caldwell's furniture store, Frances Merrill—National Badminton Co., Boston, Frances Elenchuck—Woburn National Bank, and Francis Murray—Bridgeton Academy, and Catherine McIsaac—Puffer's Insurance Office, Winchester."

"Then Willis Webber, Robert Matson and Edward Ayette are all in the Navy."

"Look, isn't that Victor Froberg painting that house?"

"Yes, he works for his father."

"Of course we all know that Mildred Garrity, Leo Gonsalves, Martha Goldstein, Evelyn Given are taking Post-Graduate courses."

"Haven't they all done well? We have only been able to contact a few this afternoon but this will give us quite a bit to tell the students and next time perhaps we shall see some of the others. Anyway the best of luck to them, one and all."



Exchanges

Say, Jolly," called Babs, to her class-mate as she rushed into the school cafeteria armed with magazines and paper sent from other schools, "Would you like to look over these magazines with me?"

"Would I?" answered Jolly. "Just lead me to them! I love to browse through other school magazines. They are so interesting and give us ideas for our own 'Reflector.'"

Just look at the cover of the graduation number of the 'Noddler'! That is the East Boston High magazine, you know. Isn't it striking!" exclaimed Babs.

"Yes! The magazine is very neatly arranged. I like the class song, don't you? That's a clever idea of including the pictures of all members of the graduating class in the magazine. In this way every graduate may have a picture of his classmates," answered Jolly.

"Such a suitable closing the valedictorian has chosen for her speech,

'Let us remember that —

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build a ladder by which we rise
From the lovely earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round'.
"I like that!" exclaimed Babs, as she closed the magazine.

"Oh goody! Here's the 'Dial' from Brattleboro High School, Vermont. I always love to read this magazine. I love their linoleum cuts, don't you, Babs?"

"Yes, I surely do. I also think their Book Chat is most interesting."

"According to them we must not miss the pictures 'Dead End' and the 'Life of Emile Zola'. They must be excellent!" exclaimed Jolly, as she turned over a page.

"Say, this poem entitled 'Pensive Mood', by Virginia Perkins, is most impressive," said Babs. "Listen":

Fog —
A thin, slender feather
Clasped in cruel fingers.

Mist —

Beads of cold perspiration
Dropped from the brow of Heaven.

Rain —

Chilled tears of remorse

Sunset —

Slipped o'er the cheeks of a cloud.

The ruddy cheeks of a woodsman

Cruelly slapped by the wind.

Thunder —

Growl of a hungry bear,

Awakened from a winter's rest,

Rumbling a fierce resonant noise.

Lightning —

A sharp jab of pain,

Like a thin steel needle

Aimed at the heart of Mars!

Dawn —

A beautiful explosion

Of God's storehouse of fireworks!

Noonday-Sun —

The dreadful blare

Of a tarnished trumpet!

Spinning —

A lazy cat, that yawns and stretches,

Shakes the mist of sleep from its shaggy coat,

And begins to purr.

Summer —

A green leaf, exposed to the heat,

Curled at the edges

Then, becomes brown and crisp!

Fall —

A beautiful lullaby,

Soothing and restful.

Winter —

A saucy taste of cinnamon

A merry tune of a fiddler!

B-r-r-ing!

"Oh, dear!" both Jolly and Babs exclaimed together. "There's the bell and we must get back to classes."

"We haven't even had a chance to look at the Northeastern News, the Bates Student, the Vermont Cynic, Trade Wind, "Tech" News, Boston University News, the Bulletin from Springfield College, the Marion from the Sacred Heart High School, the New Hampton Manitou or even the Bostonia, the Boston University Alumni Magazine, yet," said Jolly.

"Well, we always enjoy them so much that we shall have something to look forward to with great pleasure," answered Babs, as she and Jolly trudged arm in arm off to classes.

Miraculous

"Say, Jim, I saw the most unusual and terrible thing happen the other night."

"What was that?"

"Mr. Stone and Mr. Wood were standing on the corner, talking when a good looking girl passed by, Stone turned to Wood, Wood turned to Stone, they both turned to Rubber, and the girl turned into a drug-store." —Woman's World

* * * * *

But Not Too Young, Eh?

"Has Sir Charles asked for your hand yet?"

"Not yet, mother, but the night is still young!"

—New York Sun

* * * * *

Please Send It Back

"You know that Kettle song?"

"What do you mean — Kettle song?"

"Home on the Range"

—Portland Express

OUR HERO

T'was a rainy day in summer,

The snow was falling fast,

A barefoot boy with shoes on,

Stood sitting on the grass.

The weather was a zero,

The sun was shining bright,

His throat was parched and fevered,

For it rained all day that night.

The jungle beats were stirring,

On a sandy desert waste,

But undaunted was our hero,

For his riding boots were laced.

Beneath the tent crept a winter gale,

With her fairy freezing touch,

The eerie heat waves blinded him,

But he didn't mind it much.

I did it sire, the soldier cried,

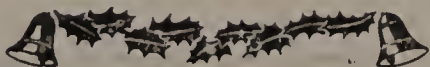
And grinned in happy glee,

More fun we had, I didn't shoot,

But just let him shoot me.

Question: Why does a minister live an easier life than a doctor or a lawyer?"

Answer: Because he preaches rather than practices.



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F R I E N D S

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered and
nobody helped us along,

If each every minute looked after himself,
and good things all went to the strong,

If nobody cared just a little for you and
nobody thought about me,

And we all stood alone in the battle of life,
what a dreary old world it would be.

Life is sweet just because of the friends we
have made and the things which in
common we share;

We want to live on, not because of ourselves,
but because of the people who care;

It's giving and doing for somebody else—on
that all life's splendor depends;

And the joy of this world, when it's all added
up, is found in the making of friends.

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